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Indian Tribes of the Southwest

By MRS. WHITE MOUNTAIN SMITH

Author of Hopi Girl and I Married a Ranger

Illustrated by GEORGE L. COLLINS



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To my father
William G. Brown

Foreword

LONG before the invasion of the Spanish or the later intrusion of the Anglo-Saxon race into the Southwest, the Indians had a civilization, developed by them, together with an enduring religion which met their every need. Arts far beyond those we strive to teach them were theirs. They wove wild cotton into garments; willows and grasses they converted into baskets and sandals; from clay they formed their household vessels, and from native stones ornaments with which to decorate themselves, their priests, and their altars. Religion was so ingrained in the Indian of the Southwest that he gave it up only when life ended. He prayed continuously to the Powers for protection, for health, for rain, for every need. The Red Gods ruled at all times.

Centuries have passed since the coming of the white race. Indian tribes, as tribes, in most places have vanished from their homes and hunting fields. Only in the Southwest has the Indian clung staunchly to the ways of his forefathers, keeping his ancient faiths, although compelled to accept, at least outwardly, strange gods.

Deeply interested in the Indians of the Southwest, a party of four college girls spent an entire

summer traveling by automobile from Reservation to Reservation under the guidance of the writer. The pleasant experiences of these trips inspired this little book.

Dances and ceremonies are here described exactly as they occurred, and the guide's explanations accompanying them are the result of more than a decade of friendly intercourse and observation.

The party at all times met with courtesy and hospitality. These homes of America's own children were open to us, not as members of a conquering race, but as personal friends. Indians acknowledge no superiority in their conquerors. They have great dignity and self-respect, and the object of this book is to bring them to the reader as an interesting race worth knowing at close quarters.

For actual dates and statistics used in this work the author has consulted Goddard's *Indians of the Southwest*, Coolidge's *The Navajo*, Farish's *History of Arizona*, and government documents such as *Survey of Conditions of the Indians of the United States*. For intimate facts about certain tribes she is indebted to L. H. McSparron, Canyon de Chelly trader, and long a friend of the Navajos; and to Mrs. Nancy Graham Pinkley, trusted friend of the Pimas.

DAMA MARGARET SMITH

HOLBROOK, ARIZONA
February 18, 1933

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Acoma—the Sky City

Location: Northern New Mexico, sixteen miles south of highway U.S. 66.
Railway: Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Hotel Acoma at Laguna, New Mexico.
Population: 600. *Religion:* Mixture of Catholic and native. *Arts:* Pottery-making. *Industries:* Farming and stock-raising.

ROMANCE and history have combined to make the Pueblo town of ancient Acoma most fascinating. Perched on its earthly "Rock of Ages," this city claims to be the oldest continuously occupied Indian village in the Southwest. However, Oraibi, Hopi town, disputes this.

Acoma is not to be regarded lightly, as the Spaniards learned to their chagrin. In 1540, when the great Coronado came into this land, he found the old town dozing on top of its rock like a sleepy cat napping in the sun. Like a contented cat it responded to his overtures and purred softly. A few years later, with arched back and unsheathed claws it tore to fragments a pillaging horde of soldiers it had lured into the dusky houses, and for two centuries war drum and death cry resounded from its

flinty summit. At times this cry muffled the noise of Spanish muskets; at other times it mingled with the sound of Mission bells and softly chanted Ave Marias. More than one Spanish Padre drenched its stony ground with martyr blood. Once a tyrant priest, after years of lording it over the patient inhabitants, was taken at moonrise and tossed headlong over the edge of the 350-foot precipice upon which the village stands. It was useless; others came to take the place of those disposed of, and today the gaunt, grim old Mission stares relentlessly across the purple-shadowed plain, the victor. The Catholic Church has won by compromise. Although the choir loft resounds to the soft guttural notes of the Indian choir, in the hearts of the singers burns bright the fire of loyalty to their own red gods.

At Hotel Acoma, twenty miles distant, we dined early, served by light-footed, low-voiced Acoma girls, who, finding their village homes too dull after years of schooling away from the desert, had come to the railroad town to earn a few dollars. It was not so lonely here.

Our guide suggested that we drive to the base of the unoccupied Enchanted Mesa, camp among the junipers, and see the moonlight, the starlight, and the sunrise on that mystic spot. The Acoma girls looked troubled and said it was not well to sleep near that big rock, for spirits of the Gone-Away

People hovered about there when the sun went down. Nevertheless, an hour before sunset we turned from highway U.S. 66 and passed into the evening silence of the desert. We met flocks of sheep, their grazing ended for the day, being driven into their folds, and a few belated Indians with wagonloads of wood for the railway villages.

The wide red plain swept softly away on each side of the road to meet serried mountains looming darkly against the rose-and-gold sunset sky. Towering castles, skyscrapers, and Coney Island structures rose thickly from the flat valley, giving the impression of a ruined city. It was not a desert land, but a sage-covered plain, dotted with juniper and golden with the blossoms of the rabbit brush.

Suddenly we confronted a huge rock mountain. So abruptly it rose from its juniper carpet and so softly its pinkish tones blended into the coming sunset that it seemed a mirage hanging in midair.

"What is that?"

"Katzimo, the Enchanted Mesa," our guide replied. "That's where we'll camp tonight. Doesn't it look ghostly?"

It really did seem spooky, but she drove the car into a sheltered cove at the base of the great cliff and there we built a campfire to ward off the evening chill and make the place seem less lonely.

To the west a high wooded peak loomed above us, and suddenly a beacon fire burned brightly on

its summit. We could but guess at its meaning. Perhaps some faithful Indian priest was communicating with his gods, keeping a lone vigil through the night. Tomorrow was to be a Dance Day at Acoma, and hour after hour the faithful beacon burned, sparks flying upward as fuel was added.

The Spaniards called this big rock "Mesa Encantada." Charles Lummis, who lived for many happy years in Acoma, has given us the story in *Mesa, Canyon, and Pueblo*. It was once the home of a busy, happy tribe of Indians, he says, and on its sunny top they built their homes, carrying the timbers and rocks and mud from the plain below. To the fertile valley not far distant they came in the daytime and planted and cultivated and harvested, returning at night to their secure stronghold above us. The rock is 430 feet high and the top contains forty or fifty acres. Perhaps six hundred Indians lived on it. They were safe there, and when they needed other food than their corn and beans they killed the antelope and wild turkeys, which were plentiful in the neighborhood. Clothing was made of buckskin, rabbitskins, and feathers. Turkeys were caught and tamed to furnish prayer feathers, and young eagles were tied to the house-tops and plucked on special occasions. There was no Mission on top of the rock, but the people danced and feasted and made prayersticks to place in sheltered crevices, where we find them today.

There was only one way to reach the top of Katzimo. A great slab had broken off and lay, at that long-ago time, leaned against the rock, making a pathway halfway up its side. Above the slab hand- and toe-holds were chipped out of the face of the cliff, and up this perilous pathway the Indians brought their supplies, slung on their backs.

One summer in harvest time all the people came down to work in the fields. Only three women stayed on the rock top. And that day a great storm and flood came. Water undermined the big pathway slab and it fell far into the plain, shaking the earth with its fall. When the sun shone again, the people crept out and looked at the beaten earth. Their fields were washed away and they went sadly toward their home. But the stairway was gone forever. They could not reach the top and the poor women above could not come down to join their families. Day after day the three came to the edge of the cliff and shouted that their water was almost gone, that the food would not last much longer. At last one demented creature threw herself from the high rock and died at the feet of her people. Then, when the other women came no more to the edge and the Indians knew they were dead, they went away from the sad place and built other homes on the high rock four miles away. They never come to the big rock when the sun is not shining, for then they hear their women calling for help.

With morning we moved on to the present village of Acoma, perched on a neighboring mesa almost as inaccessible as the Enchanted Mesa. First discovered in 1540 by Coronado and coveted for king and country, it has been conquered and lost, time and again. Since 1700 the Acomas have not been at war, but they have yielded nothing of their tribal rites and beliefs. Indians they were and Indians they remain, defiant and unashamed.

We were close under the cliffs of Acoma before any signs of life were visible, so cleverly do the human habitations blend with the native rock. At the base of the mesa, wind and time have carved themselves an art gallery. Punch and Judy figures are surrounded by stately church spires and beautiful towers. Springs seep from the rock, and wild-gourd vines run riot over the sandstone figures.

Although at first there seems to be no path to the top, there are in reality three: an old burro trail built by one of the early priests; Wild Horse Trail; and the steep winding trail used in the daily coming and going of the village folk. This last follows a crack in the cliff and at places leads over rocks set in to form steps. Other portions of the path are mere holes pecked in the smooth surface for finger- and toe-holds. During a rainstorm, water pours down this natural ditch in such volume that it washes everything before it. We were all breathless and shaken before we reached the top of the

trail, and one girl said she preferred to live up there henceforth rather than brave the downward passage. But while we peered back down the way we had come, a handsome young Indian literally bounded up the trail with a newly dressed sheep across his shoulders, and following him came a pretty girl with a beautiful pottery bowl filled with water balanced on her head. They scarcely touched the rock as they came up, and put us to shame. The sheep was to furnish food for dance visitors, and the water came from a special spring, used only for ceremonial purposes.

Acoma was the usual pueblo town, terraced and compact, stark against the sky, picturesque, with ladders reaching from terrace to terrace, and here and there, chained to a roof top, a screaming, fighting eagle, newly caught and not yet reconciled to its loss of liberty.

The homes are grouped into three blocks, with a single back, solid except for small openings resembling portholes. But the fronts show three tiers, the second being set back twenty or thirty feet on the roof of the first, and the third in turn using the roof of the second row for a front yard. Little alcoves and balconies break the plainness and add romance.

Red blankets and gala-day shawls were shaken from the terraces and hung across the balconies to air; jerked meat swayed in dark red strips on wires

stretched from house to house, and bread-baking was going on in various households. The Acoma menu is the regulation Pueblo Indian corn and beans, melons, pumpkins, red peppers, mutton and beef, and either wheat bread or corn bread from meal ground on old-time metates. Acoma trades with neighboring villages and secures plenty of grapes, peaches, and apples. On this morning of the dance, the trail was kept hot by runners bringing supplies to the village so that the visiting multitude could be well fed.

The housewives were entirely too busy to bother about our small group, and we wandered across a narrow bridge of rock joining two sections of the mesa and watched girls getting the day's supply of water from a big reservoir in the rocks. This natural storage place for rain water and melted snow furnishes all the water necessary for the village, and the spring at the foot of the mesa is visited only for ritual purposes. The girls came racing down to the waterhole carrying big native jars in their arms. Each swung her jar, dripping full, to the top of her sleek black head and went striding along without touching the burden with her hands.

We walked along the narrow alleys and then went sightseeing on the boulevard. One of our girls aimed her kodak at a crowd of small warriors playing "Indian" with bows and arrows. There was a rattle of shrill invective from an unseen mother and

every youngster scuttled to shelter. Immediately a dignified old man reached the scene. He wore light cotton trousers reaching halfway between knee and ankle, a cotton shirt, its tail outside, no socks, reddish sheepskin moccasins, and lots of shell and turquoise jewelry. His hair was cut square, even with his shoulders, and a purple silk handkerchief was bound around his head. His face was a mass of wrinkles, but his big black eyes had lost none of their keenness. Sensing that our guide was responsible for the entire company, he extended his hand and greeted her graciously in English. He said we were welcome to visit the village but that before we took pictures there was a fee of five dollars to be paid! Questioned as to where this five dollars would go, he said that he was the governor and collected the money for the benefit of the entire population. After some argument we compromised by giving him two dollars and buying some pottery from his wife, who had drawn near with her wares. We never stopped to ask how the pottery money would be divided!

Pottery-making is the only real art practiced by the Acoma people. The clay in that region is very good, and the bowls and big water jars they make are sought by other villages for daily use. The pottery when finished is a cream white, and the decorations are large and colorful.

Clay is pounded, sifted, soaked, and kneaded until

it is a smooth, compact mass. After it is of the proper consistency, it is rolled into slender cylinders, with which, round after round, the bowl is built up to the desired height. A smooth stone models the outside, and interior surfaces are smoothed by continual stroking with the potter's hand, the fingers being dipped into water every few minutes to keep the clay workable.

The completed vessel is set in the sun to dry, then rubbed to a glossy smoothness by polishing it with a small stone. A dressing of white clay wash is next applied, and the polishing is done all over again; the bowl is then ready to be painted. Mixing her mineral paint in a hollowed rock, the artist chews a bit of yucca leaf into the semblance of a brush and by freehand drawing she then applies patterns representing birds, snakes, turtles, and conventional flowers, clouds, and mountains. Firing is now done by placing the vessels upside down on a level rock and covering the heap with dry sheep manure as fuel. This burns slowly and keeps an even heat for many hours.

For the dance the women had donned their best native clothes, and they made beautiful pictures in their short, full skirts, embroidered and reaching to the knee, where they met the wrap-around white leggings so dear to the hearts of pueblo women. Full blouses with long sleeves were tucked inside their skirt bands, and some of them wore hand-

woven sashes of red and white. Quantities of native jewelry made of shell, coral, turquoise, and silver adorned each woman, and over the entire ensemble a light silk or wool shawl of some gay color was worn. Many of the younger girls, home from school, had bobbed hair, but each older woman pulled hers back in a big knot on the back of her head.

The Mission and its churchyard held special interest for our party. We knew from Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop* how the Indians had been forced to bring those great stones and heavy beams up the steep trail, breaking their hearts and their spirits in the service of an unknown god. The big church has walls ten feet thick and sixty or seventy feet high. Inside the cloisters it was still and cool, and we wandered on through into the desolate graveyard.

At the edge of the cliff a wall sixty feet high has been built, and the space within it has been covered with earth from the plains below. This was brought up the steep cliff on the backs of Indians, as was the earth for an adjoining plot which at one time was a flourishing orchard and garden. The dead of centuries sleep in that high cemetery. Scattered over the graveyard are broken bowls, once filled with food for the spirit's journey to an unknown world—pagan burial in priestly realm!

With a stone in his hand a stalwart Indian

pounded the big Mission bell, calling all the faithful to worship. They flocked into the dim old church and celebrated Mass. Either they were good actors or the solemn old chapel cast its spell upon them, for no more devout or reverent worshipers could have been desired.

When the service was ended, the flock went out and formed in line. Armed with antique muskets, two important-looking Indians stepped out and led the procession. Saint Stephen, patron saint of Acoma, was on his annual outing. Four men carried the weatherbeaten image, its wooden hands raised in perpetual blessing. The Mission bell clanged, guns roared, and the people shouted as the image was carried from house to house and finally deposited in a bower of cottonwood and juniper boughs.

All day long the Indians visited the saint, bringing gifts of fruit and food. Two Acomas guarded the shrine and kept inquisitive whites from coming too near and hungry pigs from eating the offerings. Each devout visitor would approach, kneel in front of the figure, deposit his or her offering, and make way for the next comer.

At noon the dancers appeared. We could not tell whether they came from the kivas, which are built right into the cluster of houses, or whether each dancer came from his or her own home.

They wore wreaths of juniper about arms and

ankles. The men dancers, bare to the waist, were painted in zigzag lines with white and red paint; from the waist an embroidered kilt hung to the knees and was fastened with the native woven sash of red and white. Parrot feathers were tied to the bands around the hair, and each carried a bunch of parrot feathers and a rattle made of a gourd filled with pebbles. They kept time to the beat of the drum in a slow, dragging shuffle.

The women, dressed in their short, full skirts and white deerskin leggings and moccasins, danced two and two. They had loosened their long, glossy hair and it streamed down over their gay shawls almost to their knees. Their only paint was a bright red spot on each high cheekbone, and they likewise carried parrot feathers and juniper boughs. Wooden crowns, cut in fanciful designs and painted with symbols of sun, moon, and clouds, rested lightly on their heads and added to the colorful pageant. They never lifted their eyes from the ground but kept step with the drumbeats, their demure, nun-like faces half-hidden by their flowing hair.

The dance continued throughout the afternoon, visitors passing carefully between the lines to place their offerings in front of the wooden saint. When the assorted gifts reached a certain height, the two guardians laid aside their guns and let the good Saint Stephen shift for himself while they dis-

tributed the food among the visitors from other villages.

Seeing us standing in the background and making no effort to share in the plunder, the old governor who had sold us the village secured a long string of red chili peppers and two golden muskmelons and presented them to us. Such articles as crisp loaves of bread, ears of green corn, and the smaller round melons were tossed into the air and the spectators scrambled for them. Needless to say no Navajo came from the scrimmage empty-handed. Whatever they secured they carried to the sidelines, where the patient Navajo women, nursing the babies, proudly received the offering and tucked it out of sight under voluminous skirts, while the providers went back for more.

At sunset the dancers broke step and crowded to the little shrine, where they dropped on their knees in silence for a minute or so. Rising, they headed the procession back to the church, while the bell clanged and guns roared. Saint Stephen, patron of Acoma, was placed in his dusky niche in the old Mission wall and would go abroad no more until the next fiesta in his honor.

All of the Rio Grande Indians have a weird mixture of Catholic faith and tribal rites, which seem to work well together. In Acoma each clan or society has its own kiva, built in among the dwellings and showing its purpose only by the high ladder ex-

tending from its top opening, for it is entered only from above; here are kept the clan fetish and the dance masks, dresses, and drums. But marriages are performed in the old Mission, babies are baptized there, and the dead are laid to rest in the consecrated ground of the churchyard. Just how many tribal ceremonies are secretly held in the kivas to offset the white man's worship it is hard to say.

Here in Acoma girls choose their own husbands, making the necessary advances. If the boy's mother is willing, the young people go to the Padre, returning after the ceremony to the home of the girl, where they add another room to the mother's house or re-plaster one that has been deserted and set up housekeeping.

The Padre at Acoma told us that several rooms in the three clumps of houses had been deserted and completely sealed up on account of accidents or certain kinds of death which had occurred within them. A wise man was this good Father, laboring here on the mesa of Acoma. "We must not expect too much of them," he said mildly; "after all they are just children." He had walked with us to the top of the trail and now smiled gently at two plump women squabbling over which should earn the money offered for carrying our pottery, melons, and peppers down the trail to the car. They compromised by both loping down the trail we found so fearsome!



Apache Indians

Location: Northern and central Arizona, central New Mexico. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Hotel Holbrook or Commercial Hotel at Holbrook; Hotel at McNary (20 miles); government schools at White River Agency. *Population:* 6,000 (Mescalero and Jicarilla in New Mexico; White Mountain, San Carlos, Chiricahua in Arizona). *Arts:* Basket-making, fine beadwork. *Industries:* Lumbering, cattle-raising, farming.

DARK and sinister are the pages of history which record the activities of the Apaches. Apaches were first mentioned by Onate in 1598 as being on the plains of New Mexico. After the middle of the sixteenth century they seemed to be everywhere in Arizona and New Mexico where a white man wanted to settle. Natural enemies of the Pueblo Indians when the Spaniards first came, even today they are feared and hated by many Indians and whites, who have not forgotten how they killed freighters, plundered and burned wagon trains, and murdered miners and settlers until within the last fifty years. Subdued by General Miles in 1886 and

scattered from Florida to Alabama, they were returned to Oklahoma as prisoners of war. They now occupy four widely scattered reservations in Arizona and New Mexico, a broken and defeated race.

We were well on our way toward the White Mountains and the home of that group of Apaches before members of our caravan knew just where we were going.

"Apaches! You don't mean you are taking us into the Apache Reservation?" gasped our New York girl. "Why, they kill people, don't they?"

Our guide just laughed and drove resolutely on into the heart of the mountains. She insisted that the Apaches were not only a peaceful people but a disheartened, spiritless race, making little progress toward independence or education. She said not all the fault in the long warfare lay with the Apaches. They had been robbed and mistreated by Mexicans and Americans alike until they felt it was quite a noble deed to kill such enemies.

At one time, before the United States owned this part of the country, an Englishman had managed a big mine near the border. Apaches were always robbing his supply trains and committing depredations that annoyed him immensely. He planned a grand revenge. He prepared a big feast and invited all the Apaches in the country to it. Cattle were butchered, sheep killed, beans and corn cooked; and while six or eight hundred Indian men, women, and chil-

dren sat feasting, his men opened fire upon them with concealed cannon, killing hundreds. One likes to remember that the Apaches eventually killed the murderers.

After the Civil War Arizona complained so loudly to the government about the conduct of its red children that General Crook was sent out to chastise them. Eight years later he resigned, thoroughly wearied in mind and body by his unsuccessful efforts. He expressed himself in no uncertain words: "I have come into contact with practically every Indian tribe within the United States," he reported to the War Department, "but we have never seen the equal of these Apaches. They are absolutely indefatigable and never seem to tire. They live on food that we would starve on. When they go into camp they leave guards seven or eight miles out. They will travel a hundred miles a day over the wildest country imaginable. A million men cannot take them!"

But they were eventually taken, and the leaders with their families were marched away into various parts of the South, where many lived out their years and died pining for their own rugged country. Geronimo, the most wily and treacherous of the chiefs, made plea after plea to be allowed to return. Once, with the help of outsiders, he escaped from his prison, only to be recaptured and returned to confinement, where he died in 1906.

After the war leaders were eliminated, the Apache people were placed on reservations too widely separated for them to meet and plot. They are still occupying these reservations.

The White Mountain Reservation, which we visited, seventy-five miles south of Holbrook, was reached over a fine state highway that intersected U.S. 60 near McNary and passed directly through the small agency town of Fort Apache. The reservation is rich in natural beauty. Tall yellow pines clothe the towering mountains, and a swift, clear river waters the valley and breaks into waterfalls over the red sandstone cliffs.

The Apache people are among the handsomest of their color. Yet they live in rude tepees, called wickiups, made of tall saplings or poles set closely together in a circle perhaps ten or twelve feet across and brought to a peak. The huts are about fifteen feet high and are built in clusters. Over the poles mud is packed, and boards or bits of tin or burlap are fastened to the side most exposed to rain and wind. A small entrance is left on the eastern side. There are no windows, and the smoke from the fire built in the center of the dirt floor goes out at the top where the poles cross. Usually the earth inside the shelter is scooped out to the depth of a foot or two, where the unwary visitor is likely to fall headlong when he steps into the dark place. There is no furniture. Sheepskins serve as beds, and the house-

wife gets along with a coffee pot and a pan or two.

The small farms and gardens supply plenty of beans and corn and peppers, and also pumpkins and melons. This food is cured and put away for winter use. During the last few years good cattle have been furnished by the government and the Apaches are going in for stock-raising. They have had sheep and goats since they stole those which the Pueblo Indians first obtained from the Spaniards.

The men are tall, portly Indians, with large, wide-open eyes and pleasant, intelligent faces. They dress very much in American style, most of them having their hair cut short and covered by a wide-brimmed Stetson hat. The women, however, are more conservative. They cling to long, full-gathered skirts, ruffled and braided, and a short, full blouse, much like the dressing-sacque of the '90's. The neck is high, the sleeves are long and full, and the blouse hangs outside the skirt. Their hair is worn long and hanging down the back, usually tied at the neck with a bright string. Native beaded moccasins, or, more often, "store" shoes, cover their feet. The Apache women are most modest and gentle. They smile shyly, but seldom enter into a conversation with strangers.

The children wear clothing similar to that of white children, and seem to notice little difference between their own race and white visitors.

An Apache mother-in-law, like the Navajo, is just plain unlucky as far as sons-in-law are concerned. After an Apache marries a girl he takes her to his people to live and from that day on he must not look at his wife's mother. Should he accidentally face her, they must both go through various ceremonies to avert blindness or other ills which are sure to follow the meeting.

Marriages are arranged by the older people after the young folks signify their interest in each other, but a girl is seldom compelled to marry someone to whom she objects. Should he die, the widow cuts her hair and blackens her face, female relatives wail at sunset for two months, and at the end of a year the widow is supposed to marry her husband's brother, at whose hut she has been staying. This, regardless of how many wives he already has. Not so long ago an Apache might have half a dozen wives, as he was free to have as many as he could support. He usually did not take a second wife until after the birth of a child to his first one.

In the event of a death in the wickiup, the men of the family take care of the burial. The body is wrapped in its best blanket, the most prized possessions of the dead person being wrapped along with the body, and it is carried to a high hill. Rocks are heaped high on the grave to protect it from wild animals, and a bundle is placed on the grave, containing a few beans, some meal, and some ground

coffee, or whatever food is in the house at the time. The dead Indian has a long journey to make, and must have food for his trip. Now and then a horse or dog is killed as a companion, but that custom is gradually dying out. A grave is never revisited and the name of a dead companion is never mentioned.

Healing dances are held for the sick, or to avert some misfortune. The drum in such cases must be made of a buffalo skin, and the moccasins of the patient are used as drum sticks. More noise than music is made with the shoulder bones of the deer or antelope, which are rubbed with a notched stick, to scare away the evil spirits.

From the number of Navajos wandering around a brush inclosure and the wagonloads of Apaches arriving on the scene, we believed a healing dance was in progress. This seemed to be a good place to camp, and with the aid of a quiet young Apache schoolboy we made camp. Our guide at length made friends with him and he told us the dance was for the young girls and not a healing dance at all.

A ceremony held for girls when they reach womanhood has always been of great importance among the Apaches. While other rites and beliefs have been allowed to disappear, this coming-out party is never neglected. Their girls must be protected from evil spirits; they must remember to be modest and chaste, and to be industrious and faithful to their marriage vows. In fact there is little unfaithful-

ness among Apache women, for the wronged husband may slice off a portion of his defaulting partner's nose and turn her out of his house as a warning to other light women.

Like the Navajo Womanhood Dance, this young girls' ceremony is a social event. Other dances and ceremonies are held at the same time, as Uncle Sam has decreed that there must not be too many such gatherings in the course of a year, for dance days interfere with planting corn and with caring for the flocks and looking after the cattle.

Our guide tried to get some advance information from the silent lad assisting in pitching the tent and gathering the wood for us, but the Sphinx would have been as loquacious as he. He accepted the food we offered, and he said that he played in the band at the Riverside School in California; but let the dance be mentioned and he suddenly developed an entire deafness. We gave up trying to converse with the lad and wandered around to see for ourselves what was going on.

Indians were camped all about us. Stern, tall Navajos loafed magnificently while their dutiful wives carried wood and water and put mutton to simmer over the fire. Hopis and Zuñis chattered and laughed, comparing their wampum jewelry and trading back and forth. One fat Zuñi busily sketched the red cliff among the green trees and added a few bold strokes to indicate the sparkling

river at its base. We stood admiring the result until our guide arrived and introduced us. "This is Teddy Weakie, the Zuñi artist," she said, "and his work is exhibited in famous galleries around the world." He gave the sketch to our guide and graciously signed it for her. They discussed the "Shalako" and the "Rain Dance," which the Zuñis had traveled to Hopiland to give the previous autumn. It was the first time in twenty years the dance had been presented, and all the Indians believe it was the direct cause of the terrible blizzard which covered their world with snow a yard deep and killed their flocks and cattle. "No more will the Zuñis give *that* dance!" Teddy declared as we moved on about the encampment.

Gambling was rampant, for Apaches are great gamblers. They played with cards, but we could not get the hang of the thing, and they waved us on if we stood too long watching. Teddy said they thought we brought bad luck to them.

Out of nowhere a really beautiful young woman appeared beside our guide and waited patiently to be noticed. "Why, Violet!" and white hands and slim brown ones met in warm friendship. There were hurried questions about husband and babies, and we followed the girl to her home among the pines. She and her husband, a rock-worker, had spent the previous summer building a house and keeping it tidy for our guide. Now her husband was

dressing native stone for a government house, and Violet and her babies lived there while he worked.

Our hostess brought wooden boxes for us to sit on. She was perhaps twenty, tall and slender. Her hair was brushed into shimmering smoothness and tied close at the back of her neck with a bit of red calico, the long strands swinging the length of her full calico blouse. Her skirt, made of blue calico trimmed with white braid, was freshly washed and ironed. She wore low, canvas tennis shoes. Several rings and bracelets from a ten-cent store adorned her beautifully shaped hands. I think she had the largest, softest brown eyes and the most beautiful smile I've ever seen. She seemed quite fond of our guide and kept touching her as they talked. Her three babies were presented. The little girl, about five, was shy and crept away and hid, but the three-year-old brother leaned against us and fingered our purses and our kodak. The poor baby was the only crippled Indian baby we saw in the entire summer. He was plump and brown, but there was no strength in his little spine, and his head fell helplessly unless supported by his mother's hand.

"Violet makes the most beautiful baskets," said our guide. "You girls want some. This is the place to get them."

The girl brought her baskets and we agreed that they were beautiful. The masterpiece was what she called a "burden basket." It was a deep basket,

wide at the top, large enough to hold perhaps half a bushel, and its closely woven white strands were checkered with a soft red band now and then. The bottom was covered with white buckskin reaching perhaps two inches up the outside of the basket, and then out into fringe which hung gracefully from the lifted basket. The top was bound with buckskin, also fringed, and the head band was a wide strip of this same soft material. At one time every Apache woman owned more than one of these carrying baskets, but of late years the baskets are rare and seldom sold. Other baskets were the wide, rather flat plaques, just turned enough at the edge to keep corn or fruit from rolling off. These were smoothly, closely woven of yucca fiber, in star patterns or squash-blossom designs, artistically worked with black fiber. This, Violet said, was the outside of the seed pod of the "devil's claw," the one used by the Hopis in their beautiful work.

Perhaps the most interesting things we bought were water jars, really baskets. In shape like the old Grecian urns, these utensils are thickly smeared inside and out with piñon gum, boiled and thinned to the proper degree. Through this translucent covering the weave of the basket shows plainly. Two woven handles serve as lugs for the carrying rope. Just such water bottles have served the Apache tribe since they were first known.

Quaint little Apache carrying-boards, beaded and

fringed over the woven frame, were among her baskets. These were exactly like the ones used by Apache mothers every day, and peeping under the hoods we discovered babies made of rags, with painted faces. Violet said she sold all of these she could make to a little store on the reservation.

She brought from another hiding-place bags made of white buckskin and skillfully beaded. Her designs were original and Indian; no red roses bloomed on her pocketbooks, and there were no American flags waving over their white sides. Conventional clouds and pine trees and her own native objects decorated them.

Basket-making and beadwork are the only native arts the Apache women have developed. The men seem to have entirely neglected artistic development. In fact the men we saw all seemed to be helpless, hopeless, moping specimens, sunk in bitter recollections of lost, glorious days. The young men wore slouched hats and white men's clothes, which sat but ill upon their muscular bodies. We came to the conclusion that the Apache as he is now is a caged animal, his wild tricks forgotten and no tame ones learned to replace them.

Some writers say the Apaches weave blankets. Our guide made diligent inquiry time and again of old women and young, and could not learn of even one Apache woman who weaves. It was suggested that perhaps Navajo women married to Apaches

continue to weave blankets, but even a Navajo weaver was not located in Apacheland.

"Violet," said our guide, "did your sister go to the hospital when her baby was born?"

The Apache girl looked around in an apprehensive manner, and spoke quite low.

"Yes, and it is well she did. She had two babies, and that, you know, is very bad. The older people wanted to let them die, because everyone knows the last twin born is a devil child and must die. But the hospital people just laugh and think the babies are nice. They are still there because they do not know which one was born last and my sister is afraid to take either out. I guess they will have to live in the Mission all their lives."

She referred to the Lutheran Mission for orphan children, built for just such cases. The Apache tribe shares with the Hopi and Navajo the deepest fear and abhorrence of twin or crippled children.

Twilight fades quickly in Arizona, and sounds of a chant came to us before our camp supper was eaten and things tidied up. Violet had promised to take us with her to the dance and tell us what we could not understand. Our guide warned us not to let our curiosity get the better of our manners, and so we were careful about the questions we asked.

It seemed that the singing we heard was a sort of warming-up, as it was just a group of men singing through their noses while a circle of men,

women, and children held hands and moved round and round in a dragging shuffle. We watched them a while and even joined the circle. But the ceremonial tepee standing high and stark among the trees proved too interesting, and we made our way through the crowd until we could look inside of it. It was quite a large shelter, trimmed with oak branches and pine boughs. Straw covered the floor, threatening to bring disaster if the fire in the center should get out of bounds. Violet said this fire would burn for four days and must not go out or the girls concerned in the ceremony would have nothing but ill luck all their lives.

Two mummified medicine men sat there, entirely engrossed in their music, chanting away like phonographs. Each had a rattle of goat or deer hoofs in his left hand and with his right grasped a long decorated wand stuck firmly in the ground. Their chant was not unlike that of the Navajos and the Hopis, but somehow it did not carry that weird undertone which all Navajo songs have.

This big tepee is built at dawn, and certain very secret ceremonies are connected with the process. At one time it was supposed to house the young girls during the entire four days, but of late years they are permitted to go back to their parents' tepees between acts. While we watched, four girls came into the structure as silently and as gracefully as young does. Their spectacular clinging dresses

were made of doeskin, yellowed and softened by years of careful usage. How many girls, we wondered, during past years, had slipped into just such tepees wearing those identical garments? How many restless feet, now dust, had tapped the earth to that centuries-old chant?

The dresses had short fringed skirts, short fringed blouses, with deep yoke-length fringe at the neck. The high moccasins were beautifully beaded and seemed moulded to the slender feet and legs. In the long, glossy hair of each girl eagle feathers had been tied, and one girl held a bunch of eagle feathers in her nervous hand.

It was growing dark in the big tepee, but we kept our places, and soon the ceremony began. On each of four deerskins, pegged to the dirt floor, knelt an Apache girl. They were very serious and intent, as they knelt, their slim little backs straight, their arms close to their sides, and their palms turned up and outward like praying temple girls. Fitful light from the fire shone upon their tense faces as they lifted them toward the heavens. Now and then four old women would enter and drive stakes in the earth around the fire. The little girls swayed and nodded with weariness, but their posture never changed. One stake for each song, Violet said; but how anybody could tell where one song ended and another began we couldn't guess.

When our own muscles were aching with sym-

pathy, one girl rose and with head thrown back and hands still imploring danced back and forth, and up and down her deerskin. It was the most graceful movement one could dream of, and thoughts of what such a setting and such a dance would mean if it could be brought to a modern theater stage kept intruding. When the wish was repeated to our guide, she thrust out impatient hands as if to push the vision away. "Never! This is Indian!"

The little girl finished her dance and drooped silently into her former position. Without any visible signal the girl farthest away rose and danced her brief moment. There was no sound except the slow never-changing chant and the tinkle of the beaded fringe one girl wore as she glided back and forth. When the last girl had danced, the old women broke into a moaning wail that carried all the trouble and sorrow of their tribe in its throbbing notes. It went on and on, chanting medicine men, stakes marking the songs and forming a closing circle; little girls in their trance-like dance; old women sobbing a death-like wail; flickering fire-light; and the same thing over again. At dawn the girls, drugged with weariness, slipped out of the tepee and almost staggered to their own homes for the remainder of the day. They must eat no salt during this four-day ceremony and must not scratch themselves with their fingernails. Why? Violet did not know. They just mustn't!

That day we drove deep into the White Mountains and rested and roamed among the graceful white birches and rugged firs. Flowers of every shade and odor carpeted the mossy woodland, and squirrels and birds kept the dusky depths alive with sound and movement. A rushing, scolding little river tore its way through the forest, and we seemed a thousand miles away from last night's scene. The same ceremony would continue in the big tepee for three more nights, but Violet had whispered that the "Crown Dance," which white people call the "Devil Dance," would be staged also, and we returned to our camp in time to see and hear all we could of that.

Although the Devil Dance is commonly supposed to be a part of the Girls' Ceremony, it has absolutely nothing to do with it. It is held at the same time, while the crowd is there, because the agent does not permit many such annual get-togethers. Many, many years ago this was a very special dance, held only when war was imminent or where a sickness had struck the tribe. Now it seems to be given on general principles.

The six or seven men who took part in this affair were startling creatures. Their bodies were bare with the exception of a loin cloth, but their skins were painted white and on the white background were painted fantastic figures, big polka dots and zigzag lines and triangles, making the men look

lopsided and grotesque. They carried wands and juniper branches and wore magnificent masks, gaudy and glaring in color and design, no two alike. Their faces were either painted black or covered smoothly with black cloth. From the darkness outside the firelight they came with animal-like shrieks and cries, leaping into the air and landing with arms and knees akimbo. They then formed in line and passed by the priests, who sprinkled each one with sacred pollen from the tule or cat-tail. The cries had changed to hoots of an owl by this time, the hoot owl being a sacred bird to Apaches, though feared and hated by other Indians.

When all had been anointed with pollen, they began to dance about the fire. It was a dance of wooden men, jerky and mechanical, stiff-jointed and yet devilishly graceful; the thing was lewd, and still there was not one movement or gesture that was offensive. One just felt the underlying obscenity of the entire dance. For half an hour the demon dancers leaped and hooted in the firelight, then darted away into the darkness.

We shook ourselves free from the spell and went silently back to the ceremonial tepee. There the nun-like maidens knelt on their white deerskins, their innocent faces turned upward, their heavy eyes filled with dreams and visions.

And that was the picture we carried away from the land of the Apache.



TYPICAL HAVASUPAI HUT BUILT OF LIMBS, STICKS AND EARTH

Havasupai and Hualapai Indians

THERE is no comparison between the Havasupai Indians and the orderly, prosperous, and happy Pueblos we had visited on our Indian journey. Of neither camp-dwelling nor Pueblo stock, the Havasupai have been compelled by circumstances to live on less than a section of land in the narrow bottom of a little sheltered canyon leading from the main gorge of the Grand Canyon, while the Hualapai or Walapai Indians occupy a great rolling country near the California state line. At one time the two were united, but difficulties with other Indians and inner strife parted them.

HAVASUPAI

Location: Cataract Canyon, 54 miles from Grand Canyon National Park Headquarters. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Hotel El Tovar or Bright Angel Cottages. *Population:* 203. *Arts and industries:* Basketry; farming and road work.

The 'Supais are rather large, corpulent Indians, with broad, rather stupid faces, and long, tangled hair falling in disorder around their shoulders, and

are untidy in their dress. When the children are returned from non-reservation schools they make an effort for a time to maintain general cleanliness, but the struggle is too uneven and soon they too have reverted to the ordinary dirt hewas and the tribal untidiness.

'Supai children are sent to school at Truxton Canyon, the home of the Hualapais.

From Grand Canyon we drove thirty-six miles through desert and sage land and some timbered country to Hilltop, where we left the car and loaded our necessary belongings on pack horses. Fourteen miles of startling trails, steep and fearsome in places, wide and enjoyable in others, led to a camping spot near the government buildings at the foot of the canyon trail. Here we found five white people living—the superintendent's family of four, and a white man teacher.

Our camp attracted sellers of baskets, and really beautiful work was brought to us by those primitive basket-makers. The banks of the rushing little stream provide an abundance of willows. The wands are gathered at the proper season, split, and colored with juice from other plants. While the work progresses the thin strips are buried in wet sand to keep them pliable.

Many of the baskets are shallow bowls, with no trimming other than a conventional pattern of black running around near the top. Others in graceful

vase-like shapes with decorations of black and a brownish red are almost as fine as Apache work. 'Supai work always looks as if turned wrongside out, and is easily identified. Water jars and small-necked bottles are woven of the willow and plastered inside and out with piñon pitch to make them waterproof. Cooking vessels are of this willow, lined with clay and tempered to resist heat.

The Havasupais raise plenty of vegetables, corn and beans, pumpkins and melons, and the tribe owns perhaps a hundred head of beef cattle.

Figs, peaches, apricots, and apples grow plentifully in their small valley and are dried for winter use. When the crops are being gathered the old and helpless people down in the Canyon look after the children who attend the little one-room school, while the able-bodied Indians move to a winter village three miles from El Tovar. The men are given what work there is in the National Park; others work on ranches.

The Havasupais have healing dances similar to the Navajo ceremony and indulge freely in sweatbaths. This sweatbath, which they take about once a week, would appear to a white person to be something of an ordeal. The small adobe structure used is scarcely larger than the outside ovens we had observed along the way. There is no opening in the top, and the doorway is so small the bather must creep in on all fours. Rocks are heated in a

fire and placed inside the house. Then water is thrown on them, and the bather enters, dropping a blanket tightly over the door. He stays inside until he is dripping with perspiration and then comes out for a breath of air, while cold water is tossed on him by helpful neighbors; in he goes for another sweat, and then out for a final dash of cold water to close the pores. The old men attribute their long life to this weekly steaming rite.

Until not many years ago the 'Supai dead were cremated, and all their personal possessions burned on the funeral pyre. The eldest son took charge of the father's funeral. Now, at the insistence of the superintendent, bodies are buried, and nothing that can be used by the survivors is destroyed.

HUALAPAI

Location: Northwestern Arizona on U.S. 66 to Colorado River. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Camp grounds and cabins at Valentine, Arizona. *Population:* 437. *Arts and industries:* Basketry and beadwork; farming and stock-raising.

The Hualapai Reservation, containing almost 750,000 acres, including rough and mountainous territory, with some timbered land and a great deal of desert, was set aside for them in recognition of their fine services with the white army against Geronimo and his marauders.

Houses are not important, it seems, since they are so carelessly thrown together. Four supporting posts are put up tentwise, and a fifth is stretched along the top. Smaller poles are leaned against this

roofpole and brush and willows woven among them. Earth piled around the base keeps out wind and water, and, in winter, dirt is piled almost to the top to keep out rain and cold. The floor is of dirt, and there is no furniture. Cooking is done over a wood fire in the center of the floor. Trachoma, pellagra, and tuberculosis are present in 50 per cent of these homes.

The women wear full-gathered calico dresses sweeping the earth, and their shawls are made of four big red or blue cotton handkerchiefs sewed together and hung down their backs.

Beautiful baskets, similar to Apache work, were being made in almost every miserable hut, and with a few choice specimens we retreated to the home of the agent. He said these Indians seemed indifferent to education, cleanliness, and religion, and have few tribal dances or ceremonies of their own.

Only one old rite is religiously observed. Once a year there is a community burning of food and clothing in commemoration of their dead. That ceremony corresponds to our Memorial Day.



Hopi Snake Dancers

Location: Northern Arizona, 75 miles north of highway U.S. 66. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Commercial or Holbrook Hotel at Holbrook, or La Pasada at Winslow. *Population:* 3,000. *Arts and industries:* Pottery, basketry, weaving, silverwork; farming and stock-raising.

WHO has not heard of the Hopi Snake Dance? It is mentioned with bated breath in the East. In planning our proposed Indian journey we scarcely hoped to see this much-discussed spectacle, but, as our guide said, one has not seen the Hopis at their best unless one has visited them at Snake Dance time.

Leaving highway U.S. 66 at Holbrook, Arizona, we turned due north and followed a typical Indian Service road, through sand and cactus, juniper and sagebrush, and a beautiful section of the Painted Desert with its hills and valleys of colored clays and sands.

Soon after we turned north we began to pass Navajo hogans, each with its door open toward the east, and flocks of milk-white sheep and goats guarded by their small herders. Sometimes shaggy-haired boys would come to the car and accept the candy we offered, but the little girls were quite shy and with a flutter of full bright skirts would flee to the protection of a bush and peep out at us. Ugly cur dogs with every flock bravely chased us away from their charges.

We passed an old trading-post, Indian Wells, with its solid stone building, lighted only by small windows high up, and protected with iron bars. Volcanic formations dotted the landscape, and after miles of such country we dropped into Keam's Canyon, with its hospital, its mess hall, clubhouse, schools, and stores, the logical place for tourists to stop when they visit the Hopis.

For twelve miles we followed the high mesa west to Polacca, a little town at the foot of the First Mesa, upon which are the three towns best known to white people—Hano, Sichomovi, and, at the extreme end of the stone ledge, Old Walpi, gallant veteran of many a siege. From the road below we could see the houses perched on top of the rocks, but even with the windows to betray them they looked like a part of the natural fortress, so cleverly are they built in.

This mesa, together with the other two, lying

seven and twenty miles, respectively, farther west, were chosen as an asylum by the Hopis after they had been harassed by warlike tribes and driven from former homes in valley and plain, as attested by ruined homes left in their wake. The Hopi Indians have never been fighters, they have not lived by pillage and war, but century after century they have tilled their small fields, raised the wild cotton, woven it into clothing for their households, shaped earthen vessels for daily use, and asked nothing of gods or man except enough rain for their crops.

Coronado, hearing of these Hopi towns, after his conquest of Zuñi, sent Captain de Tovar with a dozen soldiers to visit them and annex them to his long list of villages taken for the king of Spain. De Tovar found them just as they are today. He visited the village of Oraibi, which recent tree-ring readings show to have been occupied since 1370. They were planting their colored corn, grinding it on mealing stones, cooking it on hot rocks; they were shaping and painting and burning pottery, just as they do today. Don Diego tells us that they were holding their famous Snake Dance then, and time has not materially changed their mode of life.

They hated and killed the white priests sent there to teach them a strange religion two hundred years ago; and since it seems to rile the government officials at Washington for priests to get killed nowadays, they just ignore the Padres as much as

possible. The missionaries live at the foot of each mesa and do good work teaching sanitation and sewing and helping to care for the old and sick Indians, but, religiously speaking, they have not registered as yet with the Hopis. The Hopi Indians are frank nature-worshippers.

At Polacca the Hopi trader, Tom Pavatea, joined us and welcomed our guide warmly. He wore a red velvet shirt trimmed with silver buttons, ordinary trousers, brown deerskin moccasins, and a red silk handkerchief about his bobbed hair. Perhaps fifty years old, he loomed tall and straight, and his large brown eyes were full of fun. He settled himself in the front seat beside our guide and dropped into conversation with her about various Hopi families, joint charges of Pavatea and his white friend.

"One old woman you know is buried there," he said, pointing to a newly turned mound in the native graveyard at the foot of the trail. The one he indicated had a gaudy footstool on top of it. Our guide had given the stool to the old woman so she would not have to sit on the floor, and it was so dear to her that the relatives had placed it on her grave so she could take it with her on her journey. Other graves were marked by favorite utensils or by worn "cornsticks," with which the owners tilled their fields during their lifetime.

A Hopi is buried in an upright position, chin on knees, and sewed securely into one of his best blan-

kets. Food is placed on the grave for four days, and at the end of that time the bowl is broken, as the spirit will not hover around any longer. Hopi men bury their dead during the hours of darkness, after the body has been prepared by the female relatives. The face is painted with corn meal, and a bunch of eagle feathers is tied to the hair, after which the blanket is sewed around the still form and it is placed in a corner while the mourners address it. They upbraid the dead person for going away, and explain that they have always tried to be kind and loving. After this the father or an uncle carries the body to the graveyard and buries it.

Bodies of little children under the age of seven or eight are not placed in the ground but are hidden away among the rocks at the edge of the mesa. Their souls stay near the mother until another child is born and that child's body is occupied by the soul of the dead baby. Mothers often put pinches of food about the house for the little spirit to feed upon while waiting for another body to occupy.

Leaving the graveyard we crawled up the steep, winding road that leads to the top of the mesa. Halfway up we passed a number of scraggy peach trees growing in the sand. Tom left the car and secured a handful of peaches for us, and although they were very small their flavor was delicious. These trees are descendants of the seedlings set out

by priests almost three hundred years ago. Bushels of fruit are dried and stored each season for future use.

Many years ago there was a prolonged drought in Hopiland and the Indians suffered from lack of food. Since that time each family is required to keep a three years' supply of corn and dried peaches in the little hidden corn room built into every house. About every two weeks this corn, which is piled in orderly rows, assorted according to color, is carried up and spread on the roof for the sun to sweeten it. The peaches in sacks share the sunning and airing.

The Hopi people are short, plump Indians, friendly and smiling. The men wear cotton trousers, light shirts, moccasins made of red sheepskin or of deerskin, and their hair is usually cut in a square bang hanging to their shoulders and bound with a bright-colored ribbon or handkerchief. On the Second and Third Mesas the men have not cut their hair but wear it in big knots at the napes of their necks.

The women of the First and Second Mesas have succumbed to the shapeless calico wrapper for everyday work. The commonplace garment is relieved, however, by being tied around the waist with the handwoven red and white sash which husbands weave in their spare hours. Usually the women are barefoot, and their little, short feet have de-

veloped such thick soles of skin that the sharp rocks do not bother them. On gala days out come the native dresses of blue wool, woven by the men folk and embroidered with red. This dress leaves a brown arm and shoulder bare, and is tied with the red and white sash. The petticoats of all these pueblo Indians are arranged so as to extend a few inches below the dark dress and display the lace with which they are trimmed. A married woman wears her hair in two clubs, one over each shoulder, with bangs hanging to her eyes. The school girls come home with fashionable bobs which speedily grow into long tresses, and are arranged on wicker frames to make the romantic-looking squash-blossoms when the girl decides to take a husband.

Here, as well as in most Pueblo villages, the girl selects her life partner and he becomes a member of her mother's household. After she makes up her mind which boy she wants, she takes a woven plaque heaped with meal of her own grinding, or *piki* she has made, and presents it to the lad's mother. The mother, in turn, if she approves, returns the plaque filled with a gift and the marriage arrangements go on; but if she does not care to have her son marry the girl she simply returns the original plaque with the food undisturbed. That ends the matter. An engaged couple announce the event by sitting in an open doorway while the girl combs her lover's hair. For this purpose she uses

the short end of the grass-stem broom. Since the Hopis are closely supervised by government officials and missionaries, they usually are married according to white man's law, but in addition a Hopi wedding follows.

The bridegroom makes a pair of moccasins for his bride and weaves two robes for her, one large and one small. The large one is embroidered by the men working in the kiva and serves on only two occasions—when her first child is christened, and as a shroud when she dies. The other is her best cloak as long as it lasts.

The wedding ceremony consists of hairwashings in yucca-root water and eating marriage mush from a wedding basket. The mush is sprinkled with pollen from blue corn, and first the bride dips in, then the groom. What is left is scrambled for, much as is our bride's bouquet. During the first year of married life the young wife is supposed to grind two thousand pounds of corn meal on the stone metates for her mother-in-law to compensate her for the loss of her son. Young wives invite their friends in and have a grinding-bee.

Divorce is not common, but is very simple. The girl puts her erring husband's belongings outside the door and he has to go back to his mother's house or to the kiva of his society with the other bachelors.

One of the most colorful ceremonies among the

Hopis is the christening of a child. On the twentieth day of the baby's life, up to which time the sun is not supposed to have shone upon it, the little one is washed in yucca-root water by its father's mother and well rubbed with corn meal and pollen. Wrapped firmly on its cradle board, it is then carried to the edge of the mesa, accompanied by friends and relatives. The young mother in her bridal robe leads the procession, carrying an ear of corn in her hand. At the edge of the mesa the priest holds the baby so that the first ray of sun will shine in its tiny face, and touching it with the ear of corn, names it Sunshine, or maybe White Cloud, or Whirlwind, or whatever object of nature attracts his attention. The friends, in turn, touch the baby with the corn and give it the names they favor. So a little child may have twenty names.

When the last name is bestowed the group go back to the baby's home and feast upon the food prepared. The main dish is mutton, roasted or stewed with corn and beans. Rich cornmeal puddings, filled with peach-seed kernels and bits of mutton fat, baked in cornhusks, are always to be found at such a feast. In season, green corn and beans, tomatoes, fruit, and melons are served. While the guests eat they make wishes for the baby and each one gives presents of corn or cornmeal. Piki bread in gay colors surrounds the feasters.

Piki bread was being made by the Hopis in 1540

and the process so interested the Spanish Fathers that they wrote a description of its making. Time has not materially changed the method. Colored corn is dried in the sun and shelled. Then the grain is broken in the coarse metate, passed on to the finer stone for thorough pounding, and then into a stone bin, where it is completely pulverized. Then it is placed in a big earthen mixing-bowl and thinned to a batter with water. In the meantime a big stone two feet long and a foot wide has been heating over a wood fire. The top of this baking stone, rubbed to satin smoothness, is greased with mutton tallow. When it is smoking hot the baker dips her fingers into the batter and with one swift sweep spreads a layer entirely over the hot surface, where it cooks almost instantly. With another swift jerk she removes the thin sheet from the stone and then smears another across it. The first sheet is folded twice lengthwise and rolled into a cylinder about the size of an ear of corn. For hours the baker crouches over the hot stone making piki bread, without which no Hopi dance or ceremony would be complete.

In Hopiland there are three mesas, and each mesa has three villages. While they all speak the same language and have the same customs and religion, or lack of it, the craft of each mesa remains the particular property of that mesa. When a First Mesa girl marries and goes to live on another mesa,

she does not continue her pottery-making, but takes up the art of the people among whom she lives.

The mesa of Walpi, meaning "Place of the Gap," is a rocky ledge five hundred feet high, perhaps half a mile long, and two or three hundred feet wide. At the top of the trail is the Tewa village of Hano, to which in 1700 the Tewas came at the request of the Hopis and settled to guard the trail against Apaches, Navajos, and Piutes. Tewas are fighters and they have kept faith with their hosts. Halfway down the present road is a wedge-shaped rock known as Tally Rock, and here, engraved in straight rows of small lines, is the record of the hostile Indians killed as they tried to reach the village to kidnap and steal. About one hundred and eighty marks can be counted. The Tewas are very proud of this record.

The Tewas are very fine potters, and there is rivalry between them and the Hopi women of the other two villages as to which tribe produces the finer pottery. Nampeyo, a fine old Tewa woman, still living, although blind and almost helpless, was the one who revived the ancient art of pottery-making among the Hopi Indians. In 1897 she began to collect bits of prehistoric pottery from neighboring ruins and to study the designs and texture of the clay. Gathering the blue clay from among the ledges around Hano, she finally developed a strong firm clay that withstands hard usage.

Now, thirty-five years later, she cannot see to paint the pottery, but her sensitive old hands still shape it and polish it ready for others to decorate. And around her all day long she hears the clay being beaten and pounded and vessels being rubbed ready for painting, and smells the smoke from the firing.

Hopi pottery is a soft, glowing cream color, with reddish-brown decorations, and is not coarse and brittle like so much of the pottery of the Southwest. The clay is worked into a smooth, tough mixture before being shaped, then tempered in the sun, and baked for hours in a slow, sheep-manure fire. The designs are conventional clouds and mountains, water, and snakes, and almost all of them carry a suggestion of the Thunderbird. Sale of pottery brings the First Mesa women many dollars yearly.

On the Second Mesa coiled baskets are made. Yucca leaves are gathered at different times of the year, in order to secure a variety of colors; devil's claw pods, which are black, are soaked and peeled; and sometimes vegetable and mineral dyes are used to provide bright colors for the work. The foundation of the coil consists of perhaps a dozen or more coarse grass stems, around which the yucca fiber is woven. Flat plaques and baskets are made to hold fruit, piki, and green corn. Deeper baskets serve as storage vessels, and all are beautiful and substantial examples of Indian baskets.

On the Third Mesa the women weave wicker plaques and baskets, and while these are much cheaper, they are not as popular as the coiled ones. The dyes used are store dyes, and light and sun fade them. These wicker baskets are made from split willow twigs. Butterfly and Thunderbird designs are popular. Some very beautiful large baskets are produced, which serve well for wastebaskets.

Without doubt the Hopi Indians are the most versatile tribe of the Southwest. Among their arts and crafts they include practically every article made by other Indians. The men weave beautiful rugs and sashes, and do gay wool embroidery equal to the famed peasant embroidery of Europe. They knit wool into stockings and weave it into robes and dresses for their wives. They spin and weave cotton. Their silverwork, while not so profuse as that of the Navajos, surpasses it in design and finish.

From cottonwood roots they carve Kachina dolls, delicate featured, and with hands and feet beautifully sculptured. These little images represent the various kindly gods of their legends and are given to the Hopi children much as we give dolls to our little ones. The dolls are painted, and usually have fanciful head dresses of turkey or eagle feathers.

Hopi artists have won renown in New York and elsewhere with their native paintings of dancers

and village scenes. There is little in the field of Indian art that the Hopi people cannot imitate well.

The Kachina dolls are the means of teaching the little ones the various religious legends of the tribe, and there is scarcely a summer day that a dance is not in progress in some one of the nine villages. These masked figures are great overgrown dolls dressed to represent the kindly spirits, and they chant and dance hour after hour for the entertainment of their unseen deities.

The women are never permitted to mask, but they can be seen romping through a basket dance or taking part in the spectacular Butterfly Dance, which is one of the most colorful of their ceremonies.

Little boys imitate their elders and gravely go through all the measures of the hunting dances. It is a treat to see them prance and charge, elude and lock horns in the Buffalo Dance. While one small member thumps a drum, they beat the hard earth with restless twinkling feet, until the moment when the fatal arrow reaches the heart of the buffalo. The wounded buffalo paws dust into the air, then rolls over on its side, and the magic is gone, while half a dozen or so small Indian boys dart to shelter.

In the underground kivas or clubrooms of the various societies much work is done to keep the moon, sun, and stars friendly to the Hopi activities. About the middle of August, the thump of the drum

and the sound of solemn chanting tell the visitor that Snake ceremonies are in progress. The Snake Dance, occurring yearly in some one of the villages, has been so widely advertised by scientists, railways, and tourist bureaus that it needs little description. The Hopi Mesas are overrun with white crowds when Snake Dance time draws near.

Snakes of all kinds are collected for four days, and after that five days of ceremonies are held over them in the underground kivas. Visitors are warned to stay at a discreet distance from the kiva by a rabbit skin, a bunch of corn, or some eagle feathers hung to a rung of the ladder protruding from the kiva roof. But chanting and drumming come from the kiva at all hours of the day and night. The snakes are washed and rolled in sacred sand-paintings and entertained generally until sunset of the ninth day. Then comes the public dance, the only one outsiders are permitted to witness.

In a cottonwood bower the snakes are secreted, tied securely in a leather bag. We entered the plaza just in time to see the snakes being deposited, and we lost no time in securing seats on a housetop far above wandering reptiles. In exchange for a silver dollar each visitor was assigned a seat on the edge of a housetop. Although we entreated our guide to seek safety with us, she elected to remain near the kiva with Pavatea. Surrounding the rocky ground where the dance would be held were hundreds of

Navajos, Zuñis, and white tourists, and a group of Havasupai Indians on their way to trade with the Navajos.

From the Snake Kiva came a solemn figure grotesquely painted with black and white stripes, and he whirled a greased string through the air until it moaned like a lost soul. This was the wind before the storm, so Pavatea explained. Soon about twenty almost naked figures, Antelope Clan Dancers, came; they lined up in front of the kiva and began a chant and shuffle dance.

After about ten minutes the real Snake Dancers appeared. They entered the plaza at a dogtrot and raced around in front of the kiva, each one stamping heavily on the board in front of the snake bower to inform the underground gods they were there to honor them. After each one had passed the entrance and been showered with sacred meal, they formed in line, and the first snake was handed out from the kiva to a Snake Priest. Holding it firmly between his lips, he began his slow progress around the ring, an Antelope Dancer shuffling beside him with an arm thrown across the Snake Dancer's shoulders. The snake wriggled and stuck out its forked tongue, but the Antelope Priest stroked it and soothed it with a bunch of feathers he held in his hand. When the circle was complete the dancer gave a quick, sidewise jerk and landed the snake in the plaza. Snakes and yet more snakes appeared,

perhaps half of them being wicked-looking rattlers that hissed and threatened to strike but were kept in check by the feather wand. Many of them when dropped to the ground wriggled among the spectators and caused small panics.

When all the snakes had been honored, they were dropped inside a circle made of sacred meal and the women of the society poured more meal on them. The dancers grasped as many snakes as they could hold in both hands and went to the four points of the compass with them. They had no trouble getting the right of way as they passed through the crowd, taking their squirming brothers to the floor of the desert far below, where they were turned loose to carry the news to underground gods that another Dance was over.

As soon as the snakes were removed the Navajo visitors made a wild rush for the scattered meal and carefully collected what they could to carry away with them. They believe that this meal will bring them good luck and plenty of corn if sprinkled on their small fields.

The Snake Priests returned and removed the paint and grease from their bodies. But before they did this, they lined up and drank a mixture proffered by the head Snake Priest. After that they rushed to the edge of the mesa and standing in a row proceeded to be very sick indeed until they were relieved of the drink.



Navajo Indians

Location: South of San Juan River to Santa Fe Railroad, from New Mexico line to Grand Canyon. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Hotels at Gallup, New Mexico, or at Winslow or Holbrook, Arizona. *Population:* 45,000. *Arts and industries:* Weaving, silverwork; farming, sheep-raising.

NAVAJOS! What visions are evoked by the name! Wide reaches of sagebrush plains with straight-backed riders in velvet shirts, bright headbands, and silver jewelry, lashing their wiry ponies across the foreground; flocks of sheep and goats, hundreds of them, each flock herded by a small Indian maid, her brilliant skirts making a splash of color as vivid as a bluebird's wing, as she darts behind a juniper and peers out at white intruders; brown earthen hogans, before which the mother weaves her barbaric rug. And hovering over all of Navajo Land, whether it be in Canyon de Chelly,

stronghold of the famous tribe, or high on the windswept mountains, the pungent spicy smell of juniper smoke from fires smoldering in the center of each hogan floor.

Navajos! Greatest of all Indian tribes—greatest in number, greatest in story and song, greatest in the beautiful wares that pour ceaselessly from their land for the white trade, and greatest in their unbending resistance to encroaching white habits and teachings.

They number forty-five thousand, and they have more than nine million acres of land of their own. Yet they have overflowed the landscape, and are to be seen anywhere north of U.S. 66, from Albuquerque on the east to the Colorado River on the west. Colorado and Utah furnish homes for them above the Arizona and New Mexico line, and they have drifted down into Zuñi country, where their homes are to be seen almost at the front gate of that ancient City of Cibola.

They have millions of sheep and goats and hundreds of ponies, and it takes five acres of such land as a generous government has bestowed upon them to feed one animal! Their very lives depend upon their flocks. They eat the flesh, fresh when killed, or cut into strips and dried in the high, keen air of the desert; the babies drink the rich, warm milk of the goats, wool makes the blankets from which they derive half a million dollars each year, and the sur-

plus wool is sold to their local trader for flour and coffee and sugar and for wide Stetson hats and bright silk kerchiefs. Skins of the animals provide the beds which are spread on the dirt floor of the hogan at night and rolled into a bundle during the day. Tanned hides become moccasins. Even the bones are formed into ornaments and implements. Wherever one finds a Navajo family, there also are the flocks.

Horses and Navajos are inseparable. Gleefully laying hold on the equine importations of the Spaniards, the American Arab has come into his own. Men, women, and children astride the small desert ponies ride about their daily affairs, the men usually lashing their mounts and singing a falsetto song as they go.

Little is known definitely of the early history of the Navajos. It is believed that their ancestors came over the frozen northern wastes by way of Bering Strait, and that at one time Navajos and Apaches belonged to the same tribe and were parted by some inward strife. At any rate the first actual mention we have of them is in 1539 or 1540, when Pedro de Tobar marched from Zuñi to the present Hopi villages and reported passing through the land of the Navajo Indians. On the other hand, Farish, Arizona historian, states that they were unknown until the seventeenth century when Fray Alonso Benavides spoke of them as Great Seed-Sowers.

The Navajos themselves may tell us where they came from:

"In the beginning all men lived in the center of the earth. One day a Navajo accidentally touched the top of the cave and heard a hollow sound, which awakened the curiosity of the Indians and started them digging through the ground. After digging for some time they found they were getting near the top, so they sent a raccoon up to reconnoiter. He failed to make any progress, so they pulled him down again and sent up an earthworm, who reached the top and looked around. He discovered four great swans at the four cardinal points, each with an arrow under a wing. Each swan shot him with the arrow. The worm was frightened and retreated down the hole with the arrows sticking from his body, and they so widened the hole that the Navajos could come up through it. At that time there was neither moon, stars, nor sun. It was determined that these were necessary for the convenience of the Navajos, so their great medicine men proceeded to make them. When the sun was completed, they held it in the air and blew their breath against it until it was pushed up into the sky and there it remains."

For everything under the sun the Navajo has an explanation, similarly manufactured, and more than likely a chant and dance to fit the subject. He is the most superstitious mortal on the face of the

earth, unless it be his black brother in darkest Africa. Some of the Navajo superstitions are funny, while others are really pathetic. Their rules regarding food are interesting:

"During the Eagle Chant, the participants must not eat eggs, turkey, chicken, or the flesh of any bird or fowl."

"Duck or bear meat must never be tasted."

"Food being cooked in a skillet or kettle must not be stirred with a knife."

"If a knife is thrust point first into a melon or other food, the food must not be eaten, as it carries with it the curse of lightning stroke."

"During the month of July beef cooked with corn may not be eaten, as the two foods will quarrel in digestion."

The Navajos are mortally afraid of death or a dead body. That fact, perhaps more than any other, has retarded the development of permanent dwellings in their country. It is common to see deserted hogans all over the Reservation, the door fastened shut and a jagged hole knocked in either the north or the east of the structure. This indicates that Death entered the hogan, and from then on it is a "Chindi-hogan" or devil house. Whenever possible the dying are carried outside, to save the hogan.

For two or three hundred years the Navajos roamed the Southwest, preying on more peaceful tribes. They stole the women and the corn and the

sheep from the pueblo folk. They made raids into Mexican territory and returned richer with horses and women. They were the tyrants of the New World. This continued far into the eighteenth century, and long after the United States owned the country and tried to protect its citizens raids and massacres followed each other in rapid succession. After various treaties were made and broken, in 1863 Kit Carson drove them into the Canyon de Chelly retreat and starved them into submission. They were deported into New Mexico and held in captivity while poor food, homesickness, and a raw, damp climate killed them by hundreds. At last the older men begged so humbly to be allowed to return to their own home, pledging themselves to control the hot-blooded young warriors, that they were allowed to come back to their desert home, to the ruins of their peach orchards, where the bones of their slaughtered flocks bleached in the sun. The government restocked their grazing lands with four sheep for each Navajo, and once again the Navajos rode and sang over the sage-sweet plains and breathed the thin, pine-tanged air of their own land with its Rainbow Bridge and the great red sandstone gorges of the Canyon de Chelly and Canyon del Muerto, and the beautiful weird formations breaking into serried fragments against the blue horizon. From that day to this they have been good Indians, although very much alive!

The Navajo religion can be summed up in one word: pantheism. He gives divinity to all the mighty manifestations of nature. The storm carries a Great Spirit, as does the raging torrent sweeping down the gulches in his mountainside. The blizzards, the lightning, the high wind, the sand that colors the whirlwind twisting into the sky, each and all are inhabited by deities.

However, the spirits are mostly evil ones which must be placated. The medicine men of the tribe grow fat by saving their scared followers from evil spirits. The use of charms is almost unlimited. To be safe from witches a dried bear-gall is carried constantly next to the skin. Various diseases are cured by eagle feathers, antelope toes, crane bills, and such articles.

Their religion is expressed in ceremonies we call dances. Various rites are practiced, but there is no bloodshed, except in the case of death. One such instance is given:

At Thunderbird Ranch, Canyon de Chelly, the trader keeps a guest hogan for the comfort of Navajos passing the night in that vicinity. Three or four distant Navajos had come in to trade and as it had grown late they were spending the night in the hogan. While they cooked their coffee for supper a rather prominent medicine man rode up and entered the place. They shared their coffee and bread with him and went on with their talk. He

stretched out in the shadows when he had eaten, and soon, to their abject terror, they saw he was dead. The doorway of that hogan was probably much enlarged as the entire bunch sought to leave at once. They went for the trader and the neighboring government doctor who pronounced death due to heart trouble, and it was only because the trader stayed beside the body until morning that the other Navajos did not burn the hogan with its dead occupant. At dawn he heard a commotion and went out to find that the poor horse belonging to the dead man was being killed with an ax. Because it brought the sick man to the hogan the Indians held it more or less responsible for his death and therefore sent it along to carry its dead master's soul to whatever place he would find in the next world. There was no peace for the trader until the hogan was torn down and the wood piled in the wood lot. And no matter how cold a Navajo is, or how scarce wood becomes, that certain stack of wood is never touched. This same trader told me he was at one time stuck in the mud with his automobile. His Indian passenger was as much a stranger in that neighborhood as was he, but when he was directed to bring a certain log lying near by and put it under the car he refused, saying it was "chindi." No food cooked over wood from a death hogan would be eaten by a Navajo, not even to stave off starvation.

One of the most interesting of healing ceremonies is that in which sand-painting is utilized. At Nah-tee Canyon, fifty miles north of Holbrook, such a painting was made. The trader had given our guide notice of the "sing," and the last day of the ceremony found our car parked at the trading-post. As we lunched the trader told us the reason for the ceremony.

Two Navajos, a man and his wife, past middle age, were herding their sheep near by when a summer storm broke over the valley. While they sought shelter together under a piñon tree, lightning struck, killing the woman. Blood from her severed arm splashed over the frightened husband. He left there very hurriedly, and since no Indian would approach the body it fell to the trader to bury her. Soon he heard rumors of a "sing" and learned that the husband was sure lightning devils were after him and he must have this protecting ceremony before another thunder storm or he too would be killed.

With the trader as sponsor for us we entered the ceremonial hogan. At the entrance the men turned to the right of the structure, the women to the left, and seated themselves. We had been warned we must not leave while a song was being sung. At the rear a space on the floor perhaps three feet square was covered with smooth white sand. Two young helpers were carrying out the orders of the

medicine man, who had numerous little dirty sacks of sand and with a few guttural words poured certain colors in the palm of first one helper, then the other. They squatted and shaped human figures on the white background. Beautifully done, finished in every detail, the picture lay glimmering in the light which came through the smoke hole in the roof. When it was completed to the last white feather in the head dress of the main figure, the patient was made to undress and seat himself in the midst of the painting, where he sat like a graven image while a long wailing song was sung. At its end he rose and destroyed the painting with his feet. At the close of the ceremony he was presumed to be immune to bolts from the blue.

Different ailments require different chants, and there are at least a hundred assorted ceremonies from which to select. If relief is not obtained from the first one chosen, an assortment of half a dozen chants may be required before the right one is stumbled upon. For the simpler chants the medicine man demands, and of course obtains, two or three sheep and a velvet shirt. The more elaborate, long-drawn-out ones, such as the Mountain Chant and the Fire Dance, run into hundreds of dollars before the nine days required are past.

It was late when the chant was ended, and we chose to make camp there for the night. After supper the trader's wife came and asked our guide

to go with her to a hogan near by, where a Navajo woman was giving birth to a child. It was morning before they returned. We had full details of the night as we prepared coffee and bacon for our guide.

"Gee, that was awful! If a woman can escape infection and death after such a confinement as that, all this talk about sanitation is a lot of hooey! This woman was quite old to have a child, and had been in labor for hours. She was suspended by a rope fastened to the ceiling and under her arms. Her bed was a heap of dirt with a sheepskin on it, and she was facing the east. An old withered crone sat at the door, shaking a gourd and singing the same weird plaint over and over. Goodness only knows what it was, but I think it was 'Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble!' But there was no water to bubble. When the baby was born the old crone grabbed it and rubbed it well with ashes and then dipped it into cold water to make it brave. Then she put it with its head to the fire and began to sprinkle ashes over our patient. You should have seen us give her the bum's rush and shove her out of the hogan."

We were all excited about the baby, and later in the day, led and protected by the trader's wife, we sallied down, carrying gifts to the mother just as did the Three Wise Men out of the East. Canned milk and Campbell's soup took the place of precious

scents and spices, however. We found the poor mother propped back in her harness, and around her tortured body was a tight belt under which great bunches of juniper branches were wedged. This, we were told, was to hasten recovery and insure more children. The wee baby had been strapped to its carrying-board and tightly bound with rawhide strings to keep it from slipping when it was necessary to hang the board in a tree or carry it slung against the side of a horse as the mother rode about her duties. Its padding on the board was of finely shredded inner bark from a cedar tree. And that's what it means to be born in Navajo land.

Back at the trading-post a group of Navajos, men and women, awaited the trader's wife, who is herself Navajo. They talked in their own tongue, and as she found opportunity she translated for our benefit:

"An old woman died across the hill. They want me to haul her down somewhere and bury her. Where they live it is rocky and there is no place to cover her up. I won't use my car because if I put her in it they will never ride in it again, and the truck is what we haul goods for the store in and they would never buy any groceries hauled in the truck after a dead person had been in it."

Another long conversation, and they moved into the store with us at their heels. Here the best Pendleton blanket was bought, and a string of

beads in "pawn" was redeemed to place on the dead woman's neck. They were her own beads on which the trader had loaned her money, keeping the beads for security until she could weave a rug or sell some sheep and redeem her property. Now she could never buy them back and it was the duty of her daughter to get them for her.

Our guide had a brilliant thought: "Mattie, tell them I'll haul her to the burying-place, that is, if you'll stick close to me. I do want to see a Navajo funeral."

This was repeated to the Navajos and they eyed the white woman with a sort of amazed wonder. Why should any person in her senses offer to touch a dead body? But we went, taking a carload of them with us. They were quite willing to ride with us before the funeral, but not after!

Going over the hill, at a typical summer camp we found a few Navajos looking very uncomfortable while a young woman leaned over the dead figure holding tightly to one hand. Tears were streaming down her cheeks, but there was no audible sound of grief. The dead woman was her mother. When we came to her side and the trader's wife spoke to her in her own language, she pointed to a new velvet blouse and a pile of yellow ruffled skirts which she wanted put on the body. Jewelry was placed on the dead woman's arms and neck, and she was wrapped closely in the new blanket

bought for that purpose. Then we white women carried her to the car and put her in the back seat, while the daughter hung on to the hand. We wondered why this was done and the trader's wife told us that they had to hold on to her while she was above ground or she would think she was not being treated with respect and her ghost would stay around and bother them. We carried the body to a spot on the desert where the trader had dug a grave, and there we buried it.

And that's what it means to die in Navajo land.

Perhaps the rarest and most costly dance given by the Navajos is the Fire Dance. This is never held until "the thunder sleeps," or after all danger of thunder storms is past. Our guide had witnessed one such dance and beside one of our desert camps far up in Navajo land she told us about it:

A young mother with three sick babies under five years of age left them sleeping in her log hogan and walked three miles to the hogan of her mother to obtain food for them. She fastened the door from the outside so that the children could not wake and crawl outside where a cold wind was blowing. When she returned with a brother the hogan was a smoldering heap of ashes, and she fought free from her brother's restraining hands and rushed into the ashes searching for the bodies of her babies. She was badly burned and the wounds would not heal. Her clan decided upon a

Fire Dance to cure the burns and bring her poor grief-sodden brain back to normal.

Inside a great corral of piñon boughs woven into a tight fence the huge bonfire was built. Nine days were spent in various ceremonies, and the last night ended the dance in a blaze of glory. From a fire inside the Medicine Hogan coal was carried for lighting the big pile, after which the mother was assisted to a place very near it. The medicine man touched her head, her poor burned hands and feet, her ears and lips, with a bough of juniper, which he immediately cast upon the fire. At the same instant at least a dozen naked Navajos appeared, completely smeared with a soapy white clay, even their hair being plastered with the mixture. Each man carried a long bundle of finely shredded cedar bark. They raced madly around the inclosure, leaping and shrieking, coming nearer and nearer the fire, until at the same moment every actor lighted his torch in the flames. Then came the wildest, maddest performance of all. They lashed one another over their bare bodies with the flaming faggots. At times they whipped themselves with the burning brands, and as the torch burned too low to hold longer it was flung upon the hard earth and the dancer darted away into the darkness, followed by the jeering taunts of his hardier companions. When the end of the torch landed it was instantly covered with a fighting mob of Nava-

jos, each seeking to obtain a shred of the scorched cedar to place in his hogan to safeguard it from fire or to use in the treatment of burns, which are all too many, what with open fires and full-blowing calico skirts. When the last torch burned low the dance was ended.

"Did the poor mother get well? Tell us more about it. You surely know more than you've told."

"Well, when a white man who speaks Navajo went to the father and told him his hogan and his babies were burned, he dropped his head on the friendly shoulder and stood trembling for several minutes, while slow, painful tears flowed down his cheeks. He turned away without a word and walked the seven miles to the site of his hogan. By that time missionaries had recovered the tiny seared bodies and buried them. The father returned to the trading-post and bought small overalls, three pairs of little shoes, a pink and white baby blanket with frivolous bunnies on it, and some candy, and again went silently away. He placed these things on the heaped-up earth over his dearest treasures. He had been cutting cedar posts for a white man in order to buy winter clothes for the babies, and he bought them after all. I never heard again of the mother. I don't know whether the dance cured her or not."

Navajo children are welcomed and loved by their parents. They are given the closest care and training until they are seven or eight years old, when

they are taken away and placed in government schools. Perhaps they do not see their homeland or relatives for eight years, but just as soon as they return they drop the white enamel and revert to their own language and mode of life with lightning-like speed. They seem merely to endure the enforced schooling with a haughty indifference and to delight in forgetting it as soon as possible.

When within reach of the agent young Navajos are compelled to be married and divorced according to the white man's law. But there are thousands of them who go serenely about their own Navajo mode of life, are born, marry, die, and are buried, without ever having heard of Holy Church.

Children of the hogan belong to the mother, as they carry her clan name and inherit through her. At thirteen a Navajo girl is presumed to have reached the marriageable age and is presented at a "Squaw Dance," or what we really should know as the old "War Dance." Here the young girls appear in their best finery and choose their dancing partners, while the matrons sit on the sideline, encouraging but not permitted to join the dancing. Here many a romance starts. After a boy and a girl have indicated their interest in one another, her mother's brother or uncle goes to visit the boy's people and the wedding-gift is arranged. Members of the same clan may not marry. Usually the groom brings several nice horses and perhaps some jewelry

to the girl's family as a gift. But she is not really bought and sold except when some old man of importance in the tribe desires a certain pretty young girl; then he pays well for her, either in protection from sickness and evil spirits or in good silver jewelry, horses, and sheep. The lot of such a young girl married to a sickly old scoundrel is not a happy one. About all she can hope for is that he'll die soon; and her second choice of a husband is entirely her own business.

Navajo weddings are social events. There is much feasting and visiting around the girl's hogan, and on the night of the wedding the Arbuckle coffee flows freely and mutton after mutton is consumed, while the old men make a lot of rude jests. The girl has been concealed under a blanket beside her mother on the women's side of the hogan. She is called forth at length and seated beside the groom. Meanwhile the marriage mush has been prepared and it is now served in a woven "wedding basket" made by the Piute tribe. The bride's father or uncle sprinkles a circle of sacred blue meal and pollen around the edge of the mush and makes a cross of it over the mush. This has nothing to do with the Christian religion but indicates the four cardinal points. The basket of mush is placed between the young folks and the boy is handed a gourd of water. He pours water over the girl's hands, and she does the same service for him. They

then begin to take small pinches of the mush from various places in the basket. After a few dips by the wedding couple the basket is turned over to the young guests and they scramble merrily for it as we do for wedding souvenirs.

For many hours the young folks must sit respectfully and listen to advice from the old men. They tell the young folks how to manage their flocks, how to run their hogan properly, how to grow corn and beans, how to train their children, and how to save money; also how to be kind and good to one another. When the old fellows run out of coffee and conversation and fall to nodding, the wedding couple can make their getaway and go to their own hogan, which has been built near by. But the young man must never come face to face with his mother-in-law, or dire ill luck will descend upon him. He probably does not consider this a very great hardship, however!

Mutton is, of course, the *pièce de résistance* in the Navajo larder. It is stewed and roasted and barbecued and fried, likewise jerked and dried. Bread is either of wheat flour, baking powder, and water, fried in mutton grease, or else of home-grown and -ground cornmeal made into johnny-cakes and baked on hot stones. If there is any money or credit to be had, Arbuckle's coffee is the drink served. Canned tomatoes are a prime treat. Corn, beans, red peppers, and pumpkins are raised by al-

most every family, and in the Canyon de Chelly country plenty of peaches are raised and dried. These are traded far and wide.

The kitchen utensils consist of a smoked kettle or two, a frying pan, and a sooty coffee pot, with perhaps two or three tin cups. There is no furniture, since the housewife must carry all her equipment on one or two small ponies when she moves after her flock. Water is scarce, and the sheep must continually be moving in search of food and drink.

Of all the Indian dress in the Southwest, that of the Navajo is the most interesting. Against the drab landscape the Navajo squaw makes a splash of breath-taking splendor. The outstanding characteristic of a Navajo woman is slimness and tallness, together with dignity of carriage. While there is none of the spontaneous, white-toothed, flashing smile of the Pueblo Indian on the Navajo face, there is an arresting quality of seriousness and dignity that is almost sad in its still intentness. None of the cheery wave and greeting called to the white passerby, merely a watchful gaze that never softens in the presence of a stranger of the white race he despises. This is not from sullenness on the part of the Navajo, but rather from a profound reserve founded on self-respect and dignity.

A Navajo woman's dress consists of a soft velveteen shirt, high-necked, long-sleeved, basque style, hip length. Silver, coral, and turquoise neck-

laces hang on her bosom, and a silver belt at her waist adds a barbaric note. Rings and bracelets set with turquoise are plentiful. Her hair is pulled back in a smooth cap and wound into a great knot at the back of her head. Yarn winds around this knot and holds it firm. If she is young and comely a colored celluloid comb set with glass jewels may emphasize the blackness of her hair. Her skirt is of bright-colored cotton, and very full. It has a deep ruffle trimmed with a contrasting color and sways gracefully against her ankles as she walks along. She may have on three or four of these full skirts at one time. Her feet, the envy and despair of white women, so small and slender are they, peep in and out from the floating skirts, clad in soft red deerskin moccasins, fastened at the side with turquoise-set silver buttons. Neither hat, coat, nor gloves are worn, but a gay and flaunting Pendleton blanket, gypsy-colored, warm and soft, which she wraps about her shoulders when the winds are cold.

The customary dress for the Navajo man comprises American overalls, velvet shirt, red-colored moccasins, plenty of silver trimmings, and a wide high-crowned hat sitting grotesquely on top of his mass of clubbed hair—no, not grotesque at all, because even the hat partakes of the dignity and aloofness of its wearer. A Navajo mounted on his wiry pony, its bridle brave with silver conchos of his own making, and a red and black and gray

saddle blanket his wife has woven, bright against the dark horse, makes a picture long to be remembered, as he lopes along the trail, singing in a far-away treble monotone to himself. Perhaps he sings to keep away evil spirits; perhaps he is composing a sonnet about his ability as a silversmith; or perhaps after all he sings merely because he is young and not hungry and the sun warms him as he rides.

While camped at Canyon de Chelly we heard a lonely lament, a Navajo song, drifting up from the depth below, where the singer, lifting his head, poured forth his soul in sound. Cozy McSparron, owner of Thunderbird Post, listened and when the singer was still he repeated the doleful song.

"What is it all about?" asked one of the girls.

Cozy smiled, and interpreted:

"Once I was young. My mustache was black.

I was young and had a black mustache.

My mustache is now gray.

I am old and my mustache is gray.

Once I was young, and my mustache was black!"

Navajos are best known for the beautiful blankets—rugs we call them—which they send out into the white world by the thousands. This is a typical Navajo art. The rug is genuine, from the minute the wool-bearing lamb is born until the finished rug is carried to the trader to exchange for food and clothing! The wool is clipped from the sheep's back, picked over, washed in desert pools with pounded

yucca root for soap, then dried and bleached by spreading it on sagebushes. Carded by hand, spun on a homemade spindle, the wool is then dyed, sometimes with the age-old dyes made from roots, herbs, and minerals, sometimes with Diamond dyes purchased at the trader's. But the white, the gray, the brown, and the black are natural colors, coming from sheep of those colors.

The loom is a crude, homemade thing, slung to the top of the hogan ceiling in bad weather and anchored to a handy juniper in the summer time. There is no pattern other than that lying in the mind of the weaver. Navajo rugs are too well known to need description here. From this work comes practically two-thirds of the livelihood of 45,000 Navajo Indians.

Silverwork is the sphere of the men. They beat and pound Mexican coins, or bar silver obtained through the trader, into ornaments, beautiful in their chaste simplicity and crudeness. Native turquoises add the needed gleams of color.

And we, the noble white race, who have stolen the birthright of the American Indians, cannot let such an opportunity as this slip by. Therefore, concerns in Denver, in New Mexico, in Texas, and even in New York, set themselves with their perfect machinery to duplicate this Navajo silver art and from a people already made destitute by us steal this last means of support.

As we drove back to white civilization, passing here a humble hogan, the mother weaving and watching her children herd the sheep, there a man driving his ponies to a waterhole known only to his own people, still other hogans with the old men dreaming in the sun, and the feeble grandmothers winding the bright-colored yarn they can no longer see to weave into patterns, we rejoiced in the unbreakable spirit of the Navajo race. They have kept the ways of their fathers in spite of a conquering white man!



Rio Grande Pueblos

SCATTERED up and down the Rio Grande Valley are numerous interesting pueblos — Tesuque, San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, San Domingo, Santa Ana, Zia, Jemez, Isletta, and Old Laguna—each with a distinctive charm and interest for the Indian-lover. While an entire chapter could be devoted to each village, we found time for only a short stop with each group and that, we learned, is the usual program of Southwest visitors.

TESUQUE

Location: Nine miles north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. *Railway:* Santa Fe.
Population: 150. *Arts:* Pottery, making toy drums.

With historic old Santa Fe as our starting-place we drove nine miles north to Tesuque. Tesuque means "Place of the Red Willows." Because it is so close to Santa Fe it is overrun with visitors, and easy money is earned by catering to their demand for cheap souvenirs. We passed by the doorways filled with toy drums and poorly made pottery, and

refused to buy. One old lady, with sly twinkling eyes, beckoned us into her home and brought to light some truly beautiful bowls, nicely shaped and decorated with sun shields and rainbows. These we were glad to buy. We paused at the doorway of a white-washed house and the young girl within asked us to enter. She was admiring and rocking her first baby as it lay in its native cradle, suspended from the ceiling beams by two handwoven sashes. The girl's house was a picture of color and cleanliness. Gleaming whitewash covered every portion of the walls and ceiling, and on the hard clay floor Navajo rugs were spread. The beds were built-up ledges of adobe covered with brightly colored blankets, which served as seats during the day. White curtains hung at the small windows and a green plant was on a ledge. The corner fireplace held a few coals, over which a pot of stew simmered. One end of the low ceiling dripped strings of red peppers and bunches of colored corn strung on braided shucks. A crucifix and some pictures of the Holy Family told us this girl was of the Catholic faith.

She wore a pink-and-white checked gingham dress, made with full gathered skirt and blouse, and a white apron was tied around her waist. Her only concession to Indian dress was her footgear, the little white moccasins and high leggings worn by so many Pueblo women.

Leaving her neat little home, we strolled around the village and found the men getting ready for the Eagle Dance, which is their prayer for rain, believed by them to be far more effective than the Hopi Snake Dance. We settled ourselves under a cottonwood tree and watched the antics of the children while waiting for the dance to begin.

An intelligent-looking young Indian came and offered us some turquoise and shell necklaces. He joined our group and in answer to a question gave us the legend of the Eagle:

"Centuries ago the Tesuque Indians were all sick of a plague brought on because no rain fell to wash the evil spirits from the air they breathed. They prayed for relief and the Great Spirit sent the Eagle, who flew over our village here and with his wings made a great wind and blew the rain clouds together. Then the Thunderbird shot his lightning arrows into the clouds and the rain fell through the holes made by the arrows and washed all the sickness away. So the Eagle is honored by this dance and reminded that we depend upon him to keep the rain falling for us."

And thus it is with the Southwest Indians. Every thought and wish and prayer and dance revolves around the never-forgotten need of rain.

Into the dusty plaza with its gaunt old Mission built along Spanish lines the chanters and the drummers came. Following them were the dancers, just

two of them. Their nude bodies were painted yellow and daubed thickly with eagle down. A close-fitting cap of yellow cotton cloth coming to a long peak in front of each nose simulated an eagle's beak. On each outstretched arm was bound a length of rawhide and to this rawhide were sewed eagle wing feathers.

The chanters began to moan and from the drum came a low rumbling sound like thunder, which grew louder and louder. The men squatted facing each other, and then rose slowly on tiptoe and stood swaying back and forth, waving their arms in a flying movement. They dipped and swayed and touched the ground with the tips of their wing feathers, never making an ungraceful motion and keeping always the tempo of the drum. When we left the plaza they had fallen to their knees and were resting with folded wings.

SAN ILDEFONSO

Location: Thirty miles north of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and highway U.S. 66. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Hotel LaFonda, at Santa Fe. *Population:* 200. *Arts and industries:* Pottery, paintings, embroidery, silverwork; small farming.

San Ildefonso would be in a poor way were its inhabitants dependent upon farming the land given to them by a generous government. Of their 30,000 acres only 160 are irrigated and fit for cultivation. Their entire farming products are worth only about \$4,000 a year, or \$20 a year for each family—less than is spent for food in one week by a white fam-

ily. Fortunately, however, their pottery is so beautiful and so famous that single families, where both husband and wife work together, make two or three thousand dollars a year from the sale of their wares.

This is the only pueblo we visited where men were working on pottery. Here we found them busily decorating the vessels moulded and polished by the womenfolk. Most famous of all Rio Grande potters, Maria Martinez lives in the pueblo of San Ildefonso. Other women are making swift strides toward sharing her fame, and to see the name of Nellie Martinez or Santanna scratched on the bottom of a smooth, glossy black vessel or shimmering chocolate-colored bowl is to know that you are holding a masterpiece.

The government, recognizing the importance of this industry, has hired Maria to teach her art to other Indian women, and for this instruction she receives one dollar an hour. The pottery is made of smooth red clay and just as other clay vessels are made, but the beauty of this particular pottery lies in the grace of its outline, its smooth gleaming polish, and its beautiful black or chocolate color. This black is obtained by baking the vessel for a certain number of hours, then smudging the fire, and letting the clay absorb the smoke. To make the finish glossy the burned vessel is next rubbed vigorously with a polishing-stone. Some of the most unique

bowls and vases are decorated with designs of dull black against the shiny black.

We moved away from the pottery-makers and inspected the plaza. There was a big cottonwood tree, the veteran of many years of storm and drought, in the center of the plot, and it was giving shelter to round, naked babies wearing only strings of beads, happy and healthy as they rolled in the dust with the dogs or followed our girls around waiting for candy. In the shade, unconscious of the movements around him, a young Indian worked with water colors at his easel. He graciously smiled and showed us his work, explaining the meaning of the costumes worn by the dance figures on his paper. We learned later that this young artist exhibits his pictures of native dances in the great art galleries of New York and Paris and earns a big salary illustrating Indian books.

His sister, following the sketches he makes for her, embroiders old Indian designs on draperies, curtains, pillows, and even dress materials, and finds a ready market for the work. We watched her as she made the designs with bright-colored yarn. Her work was stretched tight in a frame, where bold, striking designs were swiftly outlined, making a barbaric border on monkscloth drapery. These hangings, she said, were for a mountain home built by New Yorkers.

The big, rambling Catholic church in the plaza

told us without asking that these Indians have a judicious mixture of creed and nature for their religion. We were told that on the second of each November a solemn Feast of the Dead is celebrated, and before every visitor are set bread and coffee. This is done in every Rio Grande pueblo.

SANTA CLARA

Location: About thirty miles from Santa Fe, New Mexico, off U.S. 64, in the Rio Grande Valley. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Hotel LaFonda, at Santa Fe. *Population:* 250. *Arts and industries:* Black pottery, silverwork, drum-making, water colors; farming and peddling.

So closely are Santa Clara and San Ildefonso related in their customs and industries that we probably should have passed by Santa Clara had we not seen Indians from other villages hastening there to see the Rainbow Dance. Our guide promised that it would be a colorful affair, and we followed the crowd.

Santa Clara men are not short and stout as are the other Pueblo Indians. Slender and tall, with hair parted and braided, they resemble Apaches and Navajos. This can be accounted for when one remembers that the Santa Claras intermarried with those tribes and with the Utes. Even the expressions of these Indians are different, their faces being thoughtful and unsmiling. Women wear full calico dresses, white aprons, and over their heads the inevitable shawl in turquoise or cerise. On this dance day some of the old native woolen dresses and doeskin leggings made their appearance.

The afternoon was hot and sultry, and in the plaza where the dance was to be held the shade of the few cottonwoods was well patronized. Behind the hill thundercap clouds piled up, and there was not a breath of air. Housewives deserted their pottery-making and dragged chairs to the shade, where they made themselves as comfortable as possible, with their fat, comatose babies on their laps.

When the dancers appeared we were surprised to see that half of them were women, wearing the old Pueblo dress tied around the waist with the hand-woven red and white sash. White and red Hopi ceremonial blankets fell from their shoulders, in the center of the back of which was fastened a bright-colored plaque made of parrot feathers and edged with brilliant feathers in rainbow shades. Their feet were incased in the white moccasins and high leggings, and their cheeks were painted a bright red. In their hands they carried juniper branches and bunches of parrot feathers.

Their men partners were bare except for breechcloths, and their bodies were painted black, resembling dark storm clouds. White stripes ran around their bodies. Around their waists, ankles, and wrists they wore a deep fringe made of varicolored yarn, with little tinkling bells tied to the yarn. Their long flowing hair was confined at the back of the neck, with a fan-shaped bunch of parrot feathers fastened there. Over their heads they held rainbow-

shaped frames made of willow strips painted in bright colors.

The women danced with downcast eyes, taking short, modest steps, one foot firm on the hard ground while the other came up and landed with a dull thump at each beat of the drum. The men, however, took intricate steps, leaping through their rainbow circles as if they were jumping rope, and as they reached the end of the plaza they held the willows high over their heads and shuffled back to the starting-place, where they lowered the circle and jumped through it down the length of the plaza again. Sometimes they hopped backward through the rainbow, never losing step with the music.

This, too, was a prayer for rain, and a Santa Clara woman assured us it had never yet failed to produce rain. She was correct for the time being, since big, warm drops splattered down upon us as we left the dance and turned back toward San Domingo.

SAN DOMINGO

Location: Eighteen miles south of Santa Fe, New Mexico, three miles off U.S. 85. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Hotel LaFonda, at Santa Fe. *Population:* 700. *Arts and industries:* Pottery, turquoise and shell jewelry; farming, selling curios.

On flat bottom lands near the Rio Grande River is the ancient village of San Domingo. Too many white visitors have imposed on these Indians for them to greet tourists cordially. No kodaks are permitted, and when one of our girls made a sketch

on her notebook it was confiscated and destroyed while the Cacique, or village priest, glared at her fiercely.

When our guide learned of the incident she offered elaborate apologies, together with a gift of cigarettes, and the old fellow relaxed his vigilance. He even unbent sufficiently to conduct our party about the village. We were anxious to see the jewelry-makers at work, and he took us into the home of his son, where we saw shells being broken into bits, rubbed between coarse rocks, then between finer ones, until they were the proper thinness, then drilled with the primitive native drill and strung on stout cord. A rock with a groove carved in it was placed on the workbench and the artisan took hold of each end of the string upon which the shells were strung. Grasping the ends firmly, he turned the shells around and around in the groove until the corners were worn off and they were round and uniform.

Bits of blue-green mineral, the turquoise from age-old Indian mines, were stuck with sealing-wax on the ends of sticks and held against an emery wheel turned by hand until they were smooth and polished. Holes were then bored through them and they were distributed among the shell disks in a finished necklace. It sometimes takes a hundred shell disks to measure an inch after they are strung. One black bead of obsidian was strung with the

shell to ward off ill luck to the wearer of the necklace.

We witnessed the wedding of a returned school boy and girl, and they faithfully went through the Catholic ceremony. Our old Cacique told us invitations were out for the native ceremony, which would be carried through to the last detail before the marriage would be recognized by the Indians themselves.

SANTA ANA

Location: Northwest of U.S. 66, near Bernalillo, New Mexico. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Population:* 200. *Arts and industries:* Pottery, painting on buckskin, drum-making; farming and fruit-raising.

Leaving the highway U.S. 66 at Bernalillo, we turned north and followed the bed of the little stream, now dry, for a few miles. We saw patches of corn and pumpkins scattered over the landscape, showing that the Indians know their underground moisture. The Santa Ana Indians have to find planting-places away from their village on account of the alkaline soil near the Jamez River.

We crossed the Jamez River, mostly sand bars at this season, with the banks so incrustated with alkali that they looked like snowdrifts, and climbed the hill to the old Mission, built centuries ago by optimistic Spanish priests. The village was almost deserted, as all the able-bodied Indians were away tending their crops ten or fifteen miles distant. An old man sunning himself in the plaza rose and

walked about the little pueblo with us. It was not prosperous-looking, and we asked him why the Indians did not move their homes to the region of their fields. He made horrified gestures and said their fathers had built the pueblo long before white men came and it could not be left while their dead were in the plot adjoining the Mission. He showed us row upon row of mounds there, unmarked, but he said that at the Feast of the Dead each woman places food upon the graves belonging to her house. Each one knows her own, it seems. He told us that if one of the Indians died while down at the fields, all work ceased and the entire tribe came slowly back to the old pueblo to place the dead Indian in the graveyard.

This old man had a little curio shop, in which we found very poor pottery, since the clay here is not suitable. Beautiful paintings on buckskin were displayed, also some nice sketches of native dancers done in water colors. We bought several of these and added two small Indian drums to our already glutted collection. Even the drums carried the thought of rain; they were painted a sky blue, with white rain clouds around each end.

ZIA

Location: Six miles from Santa Ana, north of highway U.S. 66. *Railway:* Santa Fe to Bernalillo, New Mexico. *Population:* 100. *Arts:* Beautiful pottery, painting on buckskin.

Glossy, smooth, graceful pottery, comparable to the finest Italian work, caught our eye all along the

Southwest route. It was so different from the other pottery we saw. Beautifully shaped, boldly painted with symbolic designs, and so firm and tough it gave a musical ring when struck lightly, it excited our admiration. We wanted to see where it was made and the women making it.

Six miles from Santa Ana we came upon this pitifully small pueblo, with its crumbling, deserted houses and its general air of decay. At one time these people were a happy, prosperous tribe, but punishment fell heavily upon them for their part in the Rebellion, and in 1683 Petriz de Cruzat, provincial governor for Spain, marched against their village, killed 600 of the inhabitants, took about a hundred prisoners, and ransacked the village. From this destruction they have never recovered.

Met at the doorways by housewives, we were invited into their poor dwellings and given the best the houses afforded. They brought us platters of peaches and grapes to eat while we watched them at their work. They wore the customary full cotton dresses tied with the sash around the waist, and most of them were barefooted. Their uncut hair was gathered in a loose knot behind the neck. As they moved from house to house or to the ovens where the pottery was baking, they covered themselves with shawls for protection against the sun and the sand, which a strong wind blew into every corner of the village.

The men wore cotton shirts and light cotton breeches reaching only a little way below the knee. They wore homemade moccasins, and their tangled hair hung on their shoulders, being tied away from the eyes with faded silk or cotton bands.

While we stood with one of the women watching her fire her pottery, a haughty old man stalked up and eyed us thoroughly. He accepted a smoke and after questioning us went away and left us to our own devices. He was the war priest, holding his office for life and having the power to name his successor when he felt himself nearing his end.

We noticed that the Zia potters pounded up fragments of broken pottery with their clay before they put it to soak. They explained that the bits they used were found in the prehistoric ruins twenty miles away against the Jemez Mountains. Two or three times a year all the women journey there and search for broken shards with which to temper their modern jars, and to study the figures on the pots they find. Sometimes entire jars are uncovered by the wind and rain, and new vessels are made exactly like the finds, which are perhaps a thousand years old.

A jar is started by taking a ball of clay and shaping it by pressure against the bottom of a gourd. Then spiral after spiral is added until the desired shape is reached. The Zia bowls are usually rather large and are shaped like ollas. After being hard-

ened in the sun, they are painted with a white "slip," and decorated by means of a yucca leaf. Baked in a coal fire for hours, the vessel comes out a pinkish cream color with brown designs and is fit to grace the finest home in the land.

JAMEZ

Location: North of U.S. 66, twenty-five miles from Bernalillo, New Mexico.
Railway: Santa Fe. *Population:* 500. *Industries:* Farming, fruit-raising.

It was evening when we reached Jamez, snuggled close to the mountain range of that name, and as we made camp the sounds of a contented village came to us. Homecoming menfolk were returning from vineyards and fields, driving burros loaded with wood and food before them. Little children rushed out to meet them and were given places on the shoulders of fathers or big brothers. It seemed to be a happy village, and we thought sorrowfully of the Zias on their barren hill a few miles away.

Two half-grown boys came to our camp loaded with roasting ears and fruit. The boys squatted and visited with us, never taking their eyes from our gasoline stove. They asked no questions, but our guide, seeing their interest, explained the whole thing to them and showed them how to pump air into the generator to make the gasoline burn. Not long after they left, the village Cacique arrived, followed by his advisers, demanding to be shown the stove that burned air. It was late before we had a chance to cook anything on the magic stove.

Our guide was offered various trades for the stove, but firmly declined on account of the damage the uninitiated Indians might do to themselves.

Jamez is well watered from sweet, cool mountain streams following the canyons down to their valley. Vineyards and fields and orchards stretch in pleasing pattern away from the village.

Franciscan Fathers, clad in their straight brown robes, rope girdles, and barefoot sandals, add a touch of the Old World to the scene. They work in the fields with their Indian friends, help about the vineyards, and receive a sort of tithing in the way of wheat, strings of chili peppers, corn, and dried fruit. Once the government sent a college-trained farmer to the Jamez Indians to teach them how to farm! He didn't stay long, just long enough to find out that his scientific knowledge was a total loss compared to the things the Jamez knew about the land their fathers had tilled for centuries.

Preparations were going on for the Bull of Jamez Festival. As this sounded intriguing, we remained to see what we thought would be a bull fight. And what a bull! Around noon, on the day following our arrival, we saw a gathering of the populace near the church and took our stand with them. From the valley below came a strange animal. His frame was made of willow saplings. His skin was of black muslin, his head a sheepskin, and his long lolling tongue a red stocking stuffed with sand. His

legs and tail seemed not to belong to the rest of his body and refused to work according to the laws of nature; the motive power was a Jemez Indian in dancing costume, walking on hands and feet and carrying the frame on his back.

In the meantime the Catholic priest had accompanied the image of Santa Maria of the Angels to a place of honor in the center of the plaza. Then the good man went serenely about other important business, ignoring the pagan dance held in the Saint's honor. Inquiry brought the information that when the Pecos Indians abandoned their own village in 1838 and came to live at Jemez, they brought this wooden image, called Porcingula, with them. To do honor to her as well as to the Pecos inhabitants this annual fiesta is held.

When the bull reached the center of the plaza he was set upon by children, who poked him with sharp sticks, pulled his tail, and tried to feed him green corn. He charged them and sent them shrieking and scuttling to their mothers.

Then a group of young men appeared. Their faces and hands whitewashed, false whiskers adorning their faces, in long-tailed black coats, American trousers, shoes, and hats, they were grotesque mimics of white men. They formed into line and sang American songs, not the most modest ones at that, danced the most suggestive of white dances, and in every way mimicked the white race which

considers itself so superior to its red brothers. One young man, using a mail-order catalogue, read a long declaration of friendship, giving the most side-splitting imitation of a Yankee orator we had ever heard. When they tired of that sport they went nosing into every house, playing tricks on the women, and dragging one fat old man out into the plaza, where they fired blank cartridges at him to make him dance according to the best Wild West picture mode.

The women brought food to the plaza and the boys and men feasted. The bull at length lumbered over to the table, upset it, food and all, then disappeared into the Valley of Jamez; and the Feast of the Bull was ended.

It seemed this horseplay was merely the setting for the real dance, the Corn Dance, a beautiful prayer for rain. The Turquoise and Squash Clans were in charge of the dance, the Turquoise people painted a brilliant blue, while the Squash Clan's dancers were yellow.

They advanced to an altar erected near the wooden saint and surrounded by a sand-painting. Ears of corn covered with eagle feathers were on the altar, and the dancers made soapsuds of yucca root and sprinkled the altar and the corn. After that the ears of corn were taken to the springs in the valley and deposited, while other dancers destroyed the sand-painting and the altar.

ISLETTA

Location: Twelve miles south of Albuquerque and U.S. 66. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Hotel Alvarado, Albuquerque. *Population:* 1,000. *Religion:* Catholic and native. *Arts and industries:* Pottery; farming.

So close to the crawling Rio Grande River is Isletta that the green cottonwoods shelter the little pueblo and seem trying to help it escape the notice of the thousands dashing along U.S. 66 as they drive from coast to coast. The brown adobe houses nestle among the trees, and from every protruding rafter hang strings of red peppers. The houses are clean and tidy, with white-washed walls and hard mud floors. The floors are dropped a foot or two below the level of the threshold to keep out drafts and also to prevent the creeping babies from escaping while their mothers are busy with household tasks. Built-in ledges against the walls serve as beds at night and as couches during the day.

In the large plaza is the square old Mission with its dignified, thick walls, the picture somewhat spoiled by two added turrets of later date. Quite close to it is the Indian church, the built-up estufa requiring several steps to reach the roof, whence a ladder leads down into its dusky depths. No white visitor need apply for admission there. From the services in the Mission, the Indian medicine men retire to their estufa and hold communion with their native gods, whom they consider much more reliable than the white man's Great Spirit.

Isletta has a ghost of which the Indians are very

proud. It is the only ghost we encountered along the way. This one inhabits the old Mission and is the uneasy spirit of a Padre murdered three hundred years ago by the Tesuque Indians, who transported his body at night to the Isletta Mission seventy miles from their village, where they buried him in the nave. About every twenty years or so the restless priest was in the habit of lifting the earth above his burial place and appearing on top of the floor. When first this occurred they buried him anew and sealed the cracks with 'dobe mud. Twenty years later they found him reposing on the surface again. At last they secured two-inch planks and nailed him down securely, so they thought. But the Cacique took us into the quaint old church and showed us that the boards over his grave were warping and pushing the nails right out of the timbers! Our guide suggested in a matter-of-fact tone that there was more than likely a hot spring or gas pocket under the church causing the mischief. We were indignantly hurried out. That ghost is not to be laid by scientific methods.

Pottery offered here by the women was very poor. In fact it broke when lifted from the hands of the seller. It so poorly represents real Southwest pottery that one hates to see it being sold.

Little children born at Isletta receive lots of attention. For eight days, regardless of weather conditions, the father of a newborn child must keep a

fire burning in the corner fireplace in his home. Should he fall asleep and permit the fire to burn out he must rush to the home of the Cacique and secure a coal with which to rekindle it. This birth fire is kindled by means of a fire drill or flint and steel. When a godmother has been chosen for the baby she fasts for four days, not even tasting water, and during that fast she has visions about the baby's entire life and receives instructions as to what name she is to give. This information comes from The Trues—good spirits.

OLD LAGUNA

Location: Halfway between Albuquerque and Gallup, New Mexico, on U.S. 66. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Hotel Acoma, at New Laguna, New Mexico. *Population:* 200. *Arts and industries:* Pottery, drum-making; farming, trucking.

Highway U.S. 66 winds its way exactly through the center of Old Laguna, with its adobe houses decorated with red peppers and its big Mission dominating the landscape.

The inhabitants were friendly and gracious, and anxious to sell their pottery, which we found inferior in both quality and design. Two-headed birds, small ash trays, match-holders, and candlesticks are produced in quantities, and the young girls sit beside the highway and offer their wares to the tourists.

Laguna Indians are rather tall, dignified folk, Americanized both in dress and in their homes. Sewing-machines, wood ranges, and iron bedsteads

were in practically every home we visited. In one room the women were reducing dried chili peppers to powder, which the men would peddle in neighboring towns. The dry pods were put in stone metates and pounded with a heavy stone until they were reduced to red dust. The room was so filled with the dust and the pungent odor that we could not tarry long, and the women laughed at our sneezes and streaming eyes. They themselves seemed impervious to the sting of the pepper.

We sought out the governor of the village and asked permission to visit the interior of the Mission on its rocky lookout. This is not the original Spanish Mission, which was destroyed in the Rebellion, but one built by Franciscans in the eighteenth century. It is made of roughly dressed stone, quite unique in a land of adobe. Surrounding it is the Indian graveyard with dozens of mounds, scattered over with broken food bowls and cotton strings adorned with eagle feathers. Catholics they may be, these Rio Grande Indians, but they evidently think that if one religion is good, two are better, and so cling to both.

The main room inside the church is very narrow and at least a hundred feet long. The altar, like all Indian altars, glowed with primitive color and statues. Some very old and interesting Indian paintings on elkskin adorned the walls.

The governor showed us where the coveted paint-

ing of St. Joseph once hung, until, as he explained with a great deal of venom, it was stolen from them by the Acomas. We asked the innkeeper at the Acoma Hotel about the painting and he said it was given by Friar Ramirez in 1629 to the Acoma Indians when they finished the great Mission on top of the Acoma Rock. The Acomas always had plenty of rain, and the Lagunas decided the picture was the cause of their good luck. They sent a delegation to borrow it, but met with a refusal. At night the visitors took the picture and carried it to Laguna, where rain began to fall, and continued to be plentiful. Acoma demanded the return of their treasure; Laguna refused; and the matter was settled by a court order which compelled the Lagunas to deliver St. Joseph to the Acomas, where it now hangs in its original home and each spring is carried around their fields to insure plenty of moisture for their crops—another method of obtaining rain in a desert land!



Salt River Indians

OUR summer among the Indian tribes in northern New Mexico and Arizona was drawing to a close. Our guide, thinking we should see as many reservations as possible, proposed that we leave U.S. 66 at Ashfork and take the southern route, which would carry us by way of Casa Grande ruins and through the Salt River Valley Reservations.

PIMA

Location: Along Gila River, on State Highway 87, near Sacaton, Arizona. *Railway:* Southern Pacific. *Population:* 4,388. *Arts and industries:* Pottery, basketry; wood-cutting, farming, cotton-raising.

Clustered around the huge adobe structure known as Casa Grande Ruins, the Pimas live today as they did centuries ago when the Spanish fathers first heard Mass in the ruined interior of that building. Some authorities even claim that the ancestors of the Pimas built that prehistoric watch tower used

by the Ho-ho-kum, the "Gone Away People." Eight hundred years have passed since the building was constructed and irrigation canals were dug in that vicinity, but today the Pimas live much as those vanished people must have lived. They till their fields, getting their water from irrigation canals maintained by their own labors until the government came to their aid. They make their pottery and baskets, live on the fruits of their labor, and are gentle, friendly Indians. They have adopted the dress and religion of their white friends, and are trying to improve their homes and furnish them as white homes are furnished.

On our journey from Phoenix we passed clusters of their huts grouped together in villages. Usually a little church and its accompanying cemetery could be seen close by. Parking our car at such a village, we asked permission to enter one of the homes. A large, pleasant-faced woman, speaking English in a soft, slow drawl, invited us to her mother's house, where she said we could see a basket being made.

The house itself was worth the visit. It was perhaps twenty feet long and fifteen wide, and it was a framework of ocotillo ribs standing on end close together, held in place by crosswise cottonwood poles wired here and there to keep them firm. At each corner a forked mesquite post supported squared timbers, and a post in the center of the room held another square rafter in place. Lighter

poles covered with fine brush formed the roof, and a layer of dirt kept the interior cool. The floor was of hard-beaten earth, and the furniture consisted of two battered iron beds, a few benches, and an iron stove, on which bubbled boiling beans in an earthen pot.

The inside and outside of the pole framework was thickly daubed with 'dobe mud, and the interior was dark and cool. We sat under the brush shelter, called a ramada, in front of the house. Four upright forked posts supported cross poles forming a roof, and small brush was piled on top, making a dense shade, under which the basket weaver sat and worked.

Pima baskets have long been justly famous for their beauty of shape and design. This middle-aged woman laid aside the coarse basket sieve upon which she was working, and began a fine plaque. Her materials consisted of a bundle of cat-tail rushes split into strips lengthwise, a roll of willow splints, and a smaller roll of the outside covering of the black devil's-claw pods. She explained that the cat-tails were gathered in June and split while green so that the cut edges curl together, making each strip look like a round stalk. The willows are cut when they turn green in the spring, and after the outside bark is removed the white growth is split into perhaps twenty thin splints and rolled up until needed. The devil's-claw pods are gathered in

the fall when they are ripe and have turned black. They are pressed closely together, perhaps a bundle two or three feet around, and this is hung by one of the sharp claws to the rafters until needed. Then the required number of pods are soaked in water for a day or so and buried in wet earth until mellow. The black outside is stripped off and each pod furnishes eight or ten six-inch-long strips. In late years the plant has grown scarce and now each thrifty basketmaker raises her own supply of devil's claw.

With a length of this black material, she fashioned the center of the basket, wrapping it closely together with another black fragment. Gradually she added one and then another cat-tail padding coil, until she had a circle perhaps two inches across. Taking a strip of the willow she held it firmly between her strong, white teeth and with a stout, sharp knife followed the length of the willow to where it was held taut in her left hand. This scraping sized the material, in other words, scraped the willow down to a uniform size and thickness and removed roughness.

With a short steel awl, the weaver made a hole in the preceding coil, and with expert fingers pushed the willow through the opening. This she drew smoothly and tightly against the previous stitch, and when the place for the black figure was reached, a strand of the black devil's claw was sub-

stituted. The design made on the plaque was a small crossed pattern, and she explained that it represented coyote tracks on the desert. From a government publication, a history of the Pima people, by Russell, she had copied many pictured designs of old baskets, the meanings long since lost. Our guide asked her where she had obtained the book, and she said her father had bought it for her many years ago and they read it to learn what they should know about their own people. One of the most interesting baskets we saw bore a copy of the maze graven on an inside wall of the Casa Grande Ruin, always an object of wonder to modern Indians. A figure representing Ho-ho-kum was shown entering the maze.

In a house near by we next watched an old woman making mesquite flour. Beans from the mesquite tree are gathered and stored until they are needed. A portion of these were placed in a metate and with a stone pestle the old woman pounded them into fine flour, which she sifted through a coarse basket to remove shells. In a cloth sack she placed a portion of the flour, sprinkled it well with water, and added another layer of flour. This operation was repeated until the sack was full. It was hung to a ceiling rafter for use as needed. Sometimes slices of such a flour cake are cut off and fried like mush. Sometimes it is used to thicken the gravy in a stew, and at other times it is eaten

raw. It has a sweet, nutty taste. Very little food is purchased by the Pima people, as their fields yield all sorts of grain and vegetables. They also have chickens and cattle, and as a rule coffee and sugar are about the only articles of food they purchase. By sale of their baskets and the pottery they make, money is obtained for their modest wants. Pimas pride themselves on their civilization, and their adoption of white dress and religion.

MARICOPA

Location: Along Salt River among the Pimas. *Population:* 394. *Religion:* Catholic, Mormon, and Protestant. *Arts and industries:* Basketry, pottery; farming, cattle-raising, and wood-cutting.

Our Pima friend offered to accompany us to the home of a Maricopa woman who was engaged in making pottery. As the home was just across a wheat field and over a canal, we left our car and walked. The wheat was ready to harvest and the Pima woman said it would be cut and threshed very soon. Threshing would be done by piling the wheat on a hard surface and driving the horses over and over it until the grains were beaten free of the straw. Then the kernels would be gathered in big flat baskets and tossed up and down, while the wind blew the chaff away.

We were introduced to the Maricopa woman, who was not as friendly and talkative as our Pima friend. We found that the Maricopa people are more shy and reserved in their dealings with strangers.

The Maricopa home was similar to the Pima house we had just left. We settled ourselves under the ramada where our hostess was working. An interesting object was a three-pronged post sunk into the ground, supporting a huge earthen olla filled with water. The pot was swathed in burlap and now and then a drop of moisture fell down on the pepper plants at the base of the post. Water is too scarce to waste even one drop!

The potter's clay had been brought from a distant hillside and dried in the sun. She had pounded it into powder, sifted it to remove pebbles and hard lumps, and soaked it in water. It was now in the form of lumps of tough gray mud. Taking one of these she shaped the bottom of a vessel by using a gourd mold. Another lump of clay was rolled into spirals and added round by round to the shaped base. With a short, curved, wooden paddle the potter spanked the clay into shape on the outside, holding a smooth stone against the inside to keep it smooth and in place. Now and then a half-finished vessel was set in the sun to stiffen a bit while the potter worked on another. When a new start was made, the old edge was wet by running moist fingers along the top, and more coils were added until the thing was complete. These wet bowls were now set in the sun, and yesterday's bowls were brought in to receive a slip or coating of red ochre applied by dipping the fingertips into the mixture and spread-

ing it over the surface. While this dried a bit, a shallow pit was dug and a wood fire kindled. The pots were put in and left to fire. Bowls burned the day before were given their decorations with a black dye made from boiling mesquite gum in an earthen vessel until it looked like ink. Geometrical figures and conventional designs were put on by free-hand drawing and the vessels then heated again for a short time. When the burning is complete, the pottery is a shiny, dark red base with black decorations, and is beautiful if somewhat brittle.

Maricopas have accepted the dress and religion of the whites, and differ little from their Pima neighbors. They, however, have never learned the Pima language and are more reserved and subdued in their manner.

PAPAGO

Location: Valley of Santa Cruz River in southern Arizona, near Tucson. *Railway:* Southern Pacific. *Population:* 6,000. *Religion:* Catholic, Protestant, Mormon. *Arts and industries:* Basket-making, pottery; farming, stock-raising.

Nine miles south of Tucson old San Xavier Mission, where mass was first said in 1697, is still serving the Papago Indians. The same good father Kino who laid the foundation for the Mission and strove to save their souls brought horses, chickens, and cattle to the Papago Indians, and that was the beginning of stock-raising in Arizona.

The old Mission has been attacked more than once by Apaches, and the sacred images have been

mutilated and carried away, but several of them were recovered by their devout worshipers and are enthroned again in their niches.

After hearing the story of the Mission from the Father in charge, we walked with him to the village half a mile away. The houses were quite similar to those of the Pimas and Maricopas. The Papagoes themselves are tall, well-formed Indians, their dark skin testifying to their outdoor occupations in a land where the temperature reaches 120 degrees in summer time. They dress like whites, and live as nearly as possible like whites. They cultivate their fields, herd their cattle, asking nothing from the government except schooling for their children and water development for their industries. As long as they observe the rules of the Catholic church, the resident Father at the little village near the Mission fails to see any harm in their annual fiesta with its pagan dances and games, dating back to a period before the coming of white men.

We purchased a few baskets, made of white yucca fiber, secured an olla, which we planned to plant atop a three-pronged post on an eastern lawn somewhere, and continued our westward journey.



Taos Pueblo

Location: On highway U.S. 64, 100 miles north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* Hotel LaFonda, Santa Fe. *Religion:* Catholic and native. *Arts and industries:* Some oil-painting and water-color artists; farming, stock-raising; selling curios made by other Indians; posing for artists and guiding sightseers.

SITUATED at the foot of a beautiful snow-capped mountain, Taos, with its terraced pueblo houses, is one of the most interesting of Indian homes. Add to that the fact that for many years Kit Carson lived there with his beloved Josephine and now sleeps in the shadow of the old town, and it is no wonder that artists and writers flock to the picturesque spot. The highway leading to Taos, the old trail made by Kit Carson and his followers, is known as the "Highway of the Immortals."

From Hotel LaFonda at Santa Fe a stage leaves each morning for Taos, and we followed closely in its wake as it led us into the heart of the southern Rockies, losing their tops in the clouds which hung

over them until the sun, winning a victory, banished them and poured its warm light over the fertile valleys and bathed the Sangre de Cristo Mountains with an almost unearthly glow.

We passed beside Indian villages where the natives were making pottery or cultivating their little gardens, or baking bread in the outside oven beside every door. Mexican ranches sprinkled the green valley, and more than one dude ranch made its presence known by the parties of smartly clad riders emerging from an elaborate corral.

Our guide pointed out a bleak-looking chapel standing at one side of the plaza in one little town. This is the place of worship of that hysterical band of Mexican "Penitentes" who during Lent practice flagellation, sometimes dying from the ordeal. Members of this sect are lashed to crosses and left hanging for hours, and are not always brought back to life after the ceremony ends.

A little farther along the way is a sacred cave from which gushes a hot spring. This cave was for generations the scene of many mysterious Taos ceremonies, and it is only in recent years that white people have obtained possession of it and turned it into a fashionable healing resort.

There are really three villages called Taos, the first being properly Rancho de Taos, with its great white-walled Mission, built in 1700, and surrounded by fertile little farms. There is an interesting story

told of the Padre who ruled over the Rancho. This old rascal, known as Padre Martinez, found it very pleasant to have charge of the Mission with its soft living and its good-looking Mexican and Indian women. He revised the rules of the Catholic church, declaring that priests should have wives and families and that fasting was not essential to holiness. Of course he was excommunicated, and he then started a church of his own. But before that occurred he induced some Taos Indians to rebel against the American Governor Bent, and murder him and his officers. All seven of the poor ignorant Indians, condemned to hang for this crime, appealed to the Padre to save them. This he agreed to do if they would deed their fertile farms to him. Once these were recorded in his name, he went hunting and forgot all about the Indians. After they were quite dead he returned and took possession of their property.

The second Taos, Taos proper, or Don Fernando de Taos, is the modern art colony which has grown up around the old Spanish settlement of Kit Carson's time and is internationally known as a center for writers and artists. Kit Carson's old home, just off one of the busy streets, has been converted into a museum and is filled with objects pertaining to his life and occupation.

Two miles on is the third Taos, Taos Pueblo, built so long before the coming of white men that

Coronado could get no information from its oldest inhabitants as to its age.

Watered by a clear, murmuring brook, wild roses, clematis, and sunflowers bordered our road, which led past cultivated fields dotted with Indians at work. Small plots of corn and wheat lay on each side of the road, and the stream has been diverted to irrigate the growing crops. Tall, straight, intelligent Indian men, bare to the waist, with white sheets or blankets draped about their hips, seriously regarded us, then turned again to their labors. The hair of each was parted in the middle and confined in two braids, each wrapped with red cloth. Those not working in the water wore beaded moccasins, similar to those of the northern plains Indians, but we learned these had been made by Apaches and traded by them for fruit and corn. When we waved, there was a dignified wave in return, but no flashing smile or cheery greeting.

Farther up the road we came upon a scene which might have been taken from the pages of the Old Testament. Here the hard earth had been swept clean inside a corral and paved with bundles of wheat. Around and around the inclosure, two half-grown girls were driving a dozen rebellious goats, their small, shining hoofs threshing the grain. The girls were bareheaded and laughed at the plaintive baas of the goats. Their blouses were bright red, and the full, short skirts they wore just reached

their knees. They wore no stockings or shoes, but when we stopped the car to watch them they snatched their blue shawls from the fence and draped them over their faces. They thought we intended to take pictures of them.

We found ourselves at the base of a 13,000-foot mountain which makes a magnificent background for the theatrical-looking Taos Pueblo. There are two major structures in the pueblo, one of four terraces and the other of five. On the housetops, quiet figures, wrapped from head to heel in white blankets, looked like Arabs turning toward Mecca. Other brightly blanketed figures of women moved back and forth across the plaza, dipping ollas into the clear stream, or carrying loaves of bread from the ovens to their homes in the pueblo.

While we stood silently drinking in the scene, a courteous Indian approached us and asked us to register in a book which he kept in his house. We did this and also deposited a dollar each with him, the village fee for the privilege of taking some pictures. For another dollar we engaged him to show us about the town, as we wanted to see all we could and did not wish to intrude anywhere.

The young man called his wife and mother to meet us, and they in turn invited us to look over their stock of Indian curios, none made by the Taos Indians but all bought from other tribes to sell to tourists. The only thing they manufacture is a

beaded rabbit's-foot doll, similar to those made by the Zuñis.

The most beautiful colored corn, tied in bunches of perhaps six or eight shades ranging from yellow to deepest purple, hung from every ceiling, and hundreds of bunches are carried away each year by visitors. This corn is grown in Taos fields, as are the small gourds which they dry and paint to resemble chickens, pigs, goats, and other funny animals, and string for hanging around fireplaces. Yards and yards of shining red peppers adorned every home, adding a spicy smell to the Indian cedar and the mutton odors. Pottery from every tribe, silverwork, blankets, and baskets were displayed for sale.

The women wore short, full skirts and blouses, and many of them had aprons tied about their waists. Blankets fell from their heads and almost concealed their figures. Most of them wore American shoes, but a few of the younger girls had the white deerskin moccasins and wrap-around leggings, the favorite Indian footgear.

Their food consists of wheat bread and corn bread, meat stews, and plenty of vegetables and fruit. Fruit, drying on housetops, seemed to consist of grapes, plums, and peaches.

Having seen the intimate manner in which other Pueblo Indians lived, we thought it strange that each family has its own private apartment in the

pile of adobe. Perhaps three or four rooms make up an apartment, and each apartment opens on its own private terrace. There are no doors inside leading from one apartment to another.

The Indian guide with us said they make adobe by burning straw to ashes, then mixing it with water and clay, and shaping bricks from the mixture. Most of the hard work of building is done by the men, but the plastering inside and out is done by the women. The outside plaster is adobe thinned, applied by handfuls, and smoothed until the 'dobe bricks are hidden. Inside plaster is gypsum and is renewed about twice a year. The rooms inside were almost bare, a few low stools or plain chairs being the only furniture, except where a sewing machine or phonograph occupied the place of honor. We saw a few iron beds, but our guide said the people slept mostly on blankets and goatskins on the floor. Corner fireplaces were used for cooking, and the outside ovens took care of the bread-baking.

When Coronado visited Taos in 1540 he described a very large circular kiva which required twelve big cedar poles to support its roof. We asked the Indian about this and he led us toward what he declared was that ancient kiva. It is still in use and was very much occupied that day by humming, chanting priests, "Delight Makers," and we were not allowed to approach closely. Outwardly there has been little change in the pueblo since the coming

of the white man. Once a young couple returned from years of schooling away from their native town, and after being married by the Catholic priest proceeded to remodel their apartment. A big, clear glass window was placed in the front wall, and the sash painted an uncompromising New England green. The village fathers were horrified, then imperious! The young couple were compelled to remove that affronting window, wall up the opening, and get along with the original peephole. Our guide pointed to the walled-up window with a great deal of native pride.

A group of older men rule the pueblo, and their word is law. Men are permitted to wear hats while working in the field but must not enter their homes with them on, and they must wrap themselves in white blankets or sheets when around the pueblo. This adds a touch of the Orient to the scene as the men move about in their burnoose-like garments.

Indians of all tribes were arriving at the pueblo, and sightseeing cars full of white tourists were coming in. It was the Fiesta Day of San Geronimo, patron saint of the village, the Indian said.

For days in the underground kivas the priests had been holding secret ceremonies, and today was the public appearance of the "Delight Makers." Before the sun set and they took their departure we thought a more suitable name could have been found for these clowns.

When the sun was about three hours high the Indians hurried from the old Mission, carrying a wooden image of their saint. He was taken to the center of the plaza and placed on an elevated stand trimmed with willow boughs. From this vantage-point he could observe all the activities in the plaza.

The sport began with a race between the young men of the two big apartment houses. The almost naked boys, moving as swiftly and gracefully as race horses, bounded over the plaza and crossed the home line. The winning side claimed as their reward a huge amount of food hurled at them by the women folk. None of it was wasted, as the ever-present and hungry Navajos salvaged what the others neglected.

From the big kiva a dozen or more painted, half-naked priests appeared, holding willow boughs high over their heads. They swayed gracefully back and forth several times across the plaza, singing to themselves and their gods a sort of humming refrain. As they retired, the village swarmed with a mob of howling, leaping clowns, wearing only daubs of paint and breechcloths. They shrieked and yelped and made themselves generally obnoxious—an opinion evidently shared with us by a small warrior who chanced to catch their leader's eye. This tiny brave, clad in gay purple pantaloons, darted to cover like a chicken pursued by a hawk but was overtaken and carried shrieking with terror to the rippling

stream and dumped in the middle of it. His anxious mother, who had fluttered along after the clowns, fished him out and disappeared with him into the bowels of the pueblo where doubtless she dried both his tears and his clothes.

The clowns darted up ladders and into houses, and giggles and shouts came out. They brought their hands full of food from the houses and tried to cram it into their mouths as they danced. Suddenly one would pause and make motions as though he felt very sick. Then the entire group would surround him and all join in being sick. They tore the white blankets from the shoulders of the men and took aprons and shawls from women, but for some reason they did not molest the grim Navajos.

They surrounded two Apaches offering beaded belts and bands for sale and robbed them of their wares. The clowns grabbed fruit from Indian peddlers, and after biting into a peach or an apple tossed it back to its owner. A big melon was smashed over the head of a white visitor, who retired very much insulted. This pleased the tormentors and they redoubled their efforts to be amusing and original. The only time they were quiet was when the priests came from the kiva with their willow boughs and danced back and forth in the plaza.

Toward sunset they turned their attention to the greased pole erected in the plaza and hung with the carcass of a sheep, bunches of fruit, loaves of bread,

and other food. There was much slipping down and landing in the face of the next Indian before the first bunch of food was reached and the pole lowered. When the food was secured by the entertainers, they leaped out of sight, yelping and moaning as they went. We were glad to see the last of them, as they had circled near us more than once and only the presence of our Taos guide had protected us from their antics.

It was sunset now, and over the high mountains the red shadows fell on the village. Smoke rose from a hundred chimneys, and the women came and went from the stream, carrying water for household needs. Placing a full olla of water on the top of her head, a woman would mount the successive ladders gracefully and enter her own doorway without touching her hand to the vessel.

High on top of one of the pueblos a figure wrapped to his eyes in a white robe appeared and faced the plaza. As he intoned a message to the people we almost believed ourselves to be in the land of Mohammed where the faithful are called to prayer. But as the mournful voice rose and sank our friend explained that a hoop dance would be held in the plaza by the light of a fire as soon as the dancers were ready.

Our guide asked us if we would eat with his mother, and we gladly accepted the offer. She had a table and chairs and she spread a clean red and

white checked cloth for us. Thick slices of squash baked in the outside oven, plenty of crusty bread, and a mutton stew made a substantial meal that we enjoyed. For dessert she placed a big bowl of grapes and peaches in front of us.

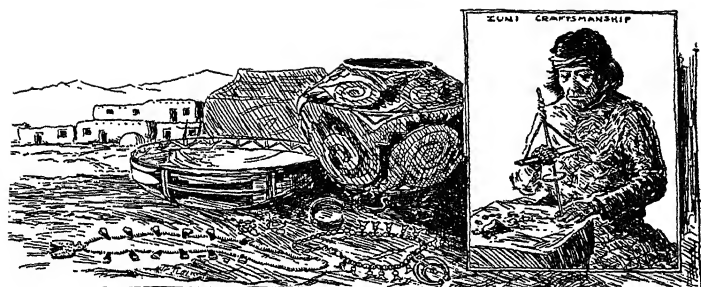
When we had eaten, it was time to go to the plaza, where a fire was blazing cheerfully, its heat not unwelcome, as the air cools rapidly when the sun is down.

Women hastened to the scene to encourage their particular entrants in the dance. Little fellows not more than five or six years old strolled into the circle, holding their gayly decorated hoops, and trying to appear indifferent to the cheers of the white observers. They wore no clothing except short little aprons and a few parrot feathers in their black hair. Several half-grown boys and two middle-aged men completed the dancing group, and as the drum sounded its first faint beat they shifted into a smooth, gliding step that was never broken during the entire dance. Down to the end of the line they moved, holding their bright hoops above their heads, and as they turned to come back each lowered the circlet, about as large as a barrel hoop, over first one shoulder and then the other; down over the hips it moved and up came one leg through it, then down, all to the drum's beat, and the other leg passed through. Then back up again over the body and high into the air each hoop rose as the

line reached the end of the plaza. The women laughed and cheered, and the beat of the drum quickened. One by one the men and boys left the line, until only the two small boys, almost babies, remained slipping through their hoops, doing intricate side steps and never missing a beat of the drum. As the drummer ended the contest with a decided whack on his drum, coins showered upon the small dancers, who immediately forgot their dignity and scrambled on all fours in search of them.

A kindly faced Padre had taken his place beside us and during the dance we heard him chuckling softly to himself and urging this or that dancer to greater efforts. We asked him what progress had been made toward Christianizing the Indians, and he answered, as do all sincere missionaries, that while they acknowledge the Church in marriage and burial customs, attend Mass, and try to repeat songs and prayers, they are pagan at heart, and remain so to their dying day. Even the most devout of them mix their own native rites with those of the Catholic Church.

"But they are dear, good children," he said, softly, as we left him surrounded by his charges.



Zuñi

Location: Fifty-four miles southwest of Gallup, New Mexico. *Railway:* Santa Fe. *Accommodations:* None nearer than El Navajo Hotel, Gallup, New Mexico. *Population:* 3,000. *Arts and industries:* Silverwork, beadwork, pottery; farming.

ZUÑI, most historic of all the pueblos of the Southwest, lies fifty-four miles south of U.S. 66. We left the highway at Gallup, New Mexico, and drove over an excellent dirt road leading upward toward the hills through miles of sagebrush and sunflowers to a country of big pines and piñons. Tucked away, here and there, in sheltered nooks are the dull brown hive-shaped hogans of the Navajos, who have drifted over from their own reservation. One doubtless would miss many of these secluded homes were it not for the blackness of each open door looking faithfully toward the east. Flocks of stolid sheep and playful goats feed near by, and often the Navajo mother with a wee baby in her arms and another tugging at her long skirts watches the sheep as they graze.

Navajos like to prowl over the Zuñi country, for Zuñis are always dancing and feasting and Navajos are fond of eating. Moreover, the sweet piñon nuts grow plentifully in this region and make good winter food.

One place in Zuñiland, however, the Navajos shun. This is sacred "Corn Mountain," home of the Zuñi gods, and an altogether alarming spot to the Navajos. This great volcanic hill looms close to the present village of Zuñi, and is the home of their various native deities. It was the refuge of the frightened Indians when they were first driven from their homes by the Spaniards, and it was here they hid their women and children when they feared vengeance for their part in the great uprising of 1680. The mountain top is covered with sacred shrines and prayer-stick repositories. Halfway up the side two giant figures, carved by erosion, represent the god and goddess of childless couples, and many feather prayers are deposited at the base of the statues. Today, incongruous and regrettable, a modern air beacon stands on the very top of this historic spot.

Between Corn Mountain and the village are the sweet-smelling alfalfa fields, with brown-skinned farmers tossing and turning the hay in the sun as they call to one another in merry tones. They waved as we passed by, gracious and smiling, as are most Pueblo Indians.

This valley has been irrigated by the government, and here are grown the beans, peppers, tomatoes, melons, and pumpkins which add so greatly to the winter supplies of the Zuñis.

The village itself surmounts a hill, and one thinks of the other pueblo villages already visited. They are alike and yet so different, each holding its own particular fascination. Zuñi houses are terraced, rising three stories high, but not in such an orderly array as those at ancient Acoma; Zuñi is picturesque, but not as magnificent as Taos; Zuñi houses are built attached to one another, but not in the same compact mass as those at Old Walpi. Here at Zuñi there was plenty of space, and the dwellings have sprawled all over the hill and into the level land below. Built of adobe and stone, with quaint stone steps leading to higher stories, the houses are beautiful in a mellow, restful way, though modern builders have enlarged the small mica windows and replaced them with many-paned glass, painting the frames a harsh blue, one sees as he stands on a rooftop and looks down into the busy courts, across the plaza, and into the roofless old Mission with its bleak graveyard. Beyond that, the ovens cluster on the riverbank, where their smoke will not annoy the villagers, and on across the river the flat is covered with corrals made of cedar logs set upright in the red earth.

The Zuñi houses belong to the women, but the

heavy construction work with rock, adobe, and rafters is done by the men. The finishing touches are provided by the women, including smoothing the mud floor, plastering the inside with whitewash, and covering the outside with brown adobe plaster. These homes are charming. Each family has one large room, with two or sometimes three outside entrances, and this one room serves for everything connected with their daily life. Here they work and eat and sleep, having no furniture other than rolled-up sheepskins and blankets, on which they sit in the daytime and sleep at night. Cooking is done at the corner fireplace found in every home. Food is served in one big bowl, and everyone dips in and selects his food with his fingers. Meat stews and corn bread are staple foods.

Grinding-stones are present in every home, and the corn is rubbed between stones just as it was four hundred years ago when Zuñi was first sighted by explorers.

The good Fray Marcos, with a few friendly Indians and a trusty Negro servant, was roaming around the New World when Zuñi was discovered. Estavanico, the Negro, was sent forward to reconnoiter and report. He reached the first village and was denied admittance, but trusting to his color to bear out his contention that he was a powerful medicine man, he forced his way inside and by his actions brought a speedy death to himself and his

companions. Only one Indian escaped to report to Fray Marcos. The priest climbed a high hill, probably Corn Mountain, where he could look down upon the villages. There they lay, the rays of late afternoon sun gilding each roof with a layer of gold. What dreams and visions must have come to the holy man, judging from the reports he sent to the king of Spain! He had discovered the Seven Cities of Cibola.

Seven hundred years before that time, seven bishops of old Spain had fled before the Moors and sailed away into the Sea of Darkness. They had taken their friends and relatives with them, and somewhere in the mystic sea they had found land. Here they had settled and founded the Seven Cities, which were reputed to be of pure gold.

A few miles from the present Zuñi village lies a ruined pueblo. This pile of crumbling adobe is all that remains of the friar's mad vision. Spain may have forgotten what it did to Zuñi, but the present-day Indians have not lost one detail of the legend dealing with the killing of the Negro. And to this day Mexicans, despised descendants of the Spanish invaders, are driven away from the village dances by the Indians.

Zuñi Indians are of typical Pueblo stock. They are short and stout and smiling. Their wide, intelligent eyes are gracious and friendly, and their perfect white teeth flash in laughter. In dress the

men have adopted white cotton trousers slit up the sides so they can be easily rolled up while they work in the irrigated fields. Their shirts are of calico and hang with the tail outside the trousers. The hair is cut in a square bob over the forehead and ears and tied in a club behind the neck. Around their heads, keeping the hair from their eyes, they wear a bright, twisted band of silk. Reddish-brown deer-skin moccasins cover their feet. In cold weather a heavy blanket is wrapped about their shoulders.

The women wear rather short, full cotton skirts and full gathered blouses. A spotless white apron lavishly trimmed with lace or embroidery is usually tied around the waist. Gayly flowered shawls cover their heads and fall to their hips. Their long hair is pinned in a knot on the back of the head, the older women letting theirs hang in two clubs, one over each shoulder. Their moccasins are made of white buckskin and reach to their knees.

Little girls are dressed like their mothers, but the small boys run around the village with only a short cotton shirt on each plump little body.

Four hundred years ago when Coronado, spurred on by Fray Marcos' accounts of the wealth of the Zuñis, drew rein before their village, with three hundred mounted soldiers and six hundred Indians, he drove before him herds of sheep and hogs and extra horses. Thus, into the Southwest, came these domestic animals.

It must have been a strange sight when that cavalcade drew up in front of the adobe town. On one side were the weary soldiers on their worn-out horses. Their armor was rusted and soiled. At their head was Coronado, brave in his suit of gold armor donned for this auspicious occasion. Facing them, terrified but determined, stood the Zuñis, guarding their homes. It was their first sight of horses.

The flower of the Spanish Army opposed the Stone Age men! Coronado sent a peaceful messenger. The Indians replied by drawing a line of sacred corn meal over which they forbade the invaders to cross. When the Spaniards advanced they were met by a shower of arrows. The horses dashed forward, and the Indians fled to their houses. During the fight Coronado was struck by a stone and lay unconscious while the battle raged. Before morning the Indians retreated to their sacred mountain and the Spaniards found themselves in possession of a tumbledown mud town, utterly lacking in wealth of any kind. So ended the conquest of the Seven Cities of Cibola, like so many modern conquests, dust and ashes in the grasp of the conqueror.

Today, in the village with which they replaced the one destroyed by years of warfare with Spanish soldiers and priests, life goes on as it did centuries ago. The women climb to sacred Corn Mountain

and bring back clay to be shaped into pottery. They grind this coarse gray clay between rocks and soak it until it is a stiff gray mixture, not unlike modeling clay. Taking a handful, they roll it between their palms until spirals the size of a pencil are formed. Then, with the bottom of a gourd as a foundation, the potter shapes the big water jars, ollas, by coiling the spirals round and round and smoothing the edges together by stroking with a smooth stone. When the big jar is half-finished it is set aside to harden a bit, before being completed. The potter explains that the weight of the wet clay would push the bowl out of shape were it all done at once. While the big bowl tempers, the potter may shape half a dozen smaller ones for sale to tourists. These usually hold about a quart and are merely round bowls with mud frogs modeled by hand and stuck one on each side to serve as handles. When the vessels are all shaped they are either set to dry in the sun or dried out in one of the hive-shaped ovens, which serve a double purpose, drying the pottery prior to the firing, and baking the round, crusty loaves of bread for which Zuñi is famous.

When the bowls are sufficiently cured, they are painted. Zuñi decorations are bold, startling designs, utterly lacking the delicate artistic touches given by the Hopi women. Frogs of a startling greenness appear on many of them, and ducks with visible hearts float over their surface. One of the

favorite designs is the deer, and this animal always has horns and a heart almost as large as the deer itself. The conventional designs are those of mountain and cloud, now and then of squash-blossom as well. Firing is done by covering the pottery with sheep manure and burning it for several hours. The designs are painted on, and while the old potters used native herbs and minerals, modern Zuñis resort to dyes.

Zuñi pottery is brittle, and while striking in appearance, being white with colored designs, it is not durable. The clay of the Zuñi region does not harden like the Acoma or the Hopi clay, and Zuñi pottery must be handled very carefully in shipping. It is inexpensive, and furnishes a livelihood for many Zuñi families.

The women are always smiling and happy as they sit shaping the pottery or making the little beaded dolls with the rabbit's-feet foundations. Several times a year there is a grand rabbit hunt. The animals are herded into a low open space and killed with clubs, with curved throwing-sticks not unlike boomerangs, and with arrows from the bows of small Zuñi nimrods. After a rabbit hunt nobody goes hungry at Zuñi. The skins are cured and are used for many things, one of the most interesting being the loose gloves made for the women and used in spreading plaster and white-wash on their houses. The feet of the rabbits are

cut off and cured. The top of each is now padded and covered with white cloth, and then colored beads are sewed on it, black for the hair, white for the face, with black eyes, nose, and mouth; also a shirt of some gay color, and trousers, usually of a different color, are added. The toes of the unfortunate bunny disclose the origin of the doll. Thousands of these little dolls are made and sold yearly. They are used for lucky charms, for curtain pulls, and for lamp-cord tassels. Zuñi women earn perhaps fifteen cents a day at making them.

When the fields are covered with snow the men are not idle. They are skillful silversmiths. While they learned this art from the Navajos, they have surpassed them in finished workmanship. Zuñi silver jewelry is made of the same material the Navajos use and with the same crude tools. Navajo designs are used, and the turquoise is polished and set in the same manner, but there is a lightness of touch when the design is put on, a smoothness of finish, a fanciful placing of the blue stones, that tells a native jewelry-lover that a Zuñi and not a Navajo shaped the article. Something of the joyousness of the craftsman goes into the Zuñi work, just as the stern unbending Navajo spirit imbues the silver he shapes.

There is a workbench in almost every Zuñi home, and there one can see the silversmith hammering and heating and tempering the silver as he makes a

ring or a bracelet. More than likely his next-door neighbor has brought his work, and sits gossiping while he polishes turquoise. A chunk of the raw gem is stuck on the end of a stick by means of common red sealing-wax and pressed against a small emery wheel turned by hand. This grinds the stone into shape and smooths it ready to be set in the silver ornament.

We watched the potters at work and, tiring of that, visited the women as they beaded the dolls. Wandering outside into the plaza and on down to the riverbank, we stopped where a young girl was preparing one of the ovens to receive her flat tray of bread. A fire had been built inside the 'dobe oven, and the sticks had burned to coals. With a board nailed to a paling she raked the coals outside, where they lay smoldering and smoking. Down to the water's edge she went and came back with an olla full of water balanced on top of her head. She lowered it beside the oven and dipped a mop of piñon boughs into the water. With this she swabbed the inside of the hot oven until it was filled with steam and the floor was free from ashes. The bread was made of white flour, and she placed each loaf directly on the stone floor. This was a "dance day" and lots of bread would be needed, she said.

"How long will it take to bake?"

"When the sun reach this mark, it done," she said, placing a brown finger on a groove in a stone

near by. "Would you want some of my bread?" We would, so we seated ourselves and waited for the sun to make its journey. By our guide's Elgin it was exactly thirty minutes reaching the mark, and the girl was back at the oven within two minutes after the sun was there. Out came the loaves, crusty and well-baked, and we sat there munching them while the girl visited with us. She had learned to make the bread at school. Yes, the schools were all right. Their school was all right because a Zuñi girl taught in it and she knew how to tell the Indians things so they could understand.

We all laughed together as a small warrior about four years old came around the corner. He was following his nose to the hot bread, and that small nose wiggled just like a rabbit's as he approached. "My brother," the Zuñi girl said, and gave him a generous portion of hot bread. She made no comment on his lack of clothes. In winter time, our guide said, children play near the hot ovens to warm themselves between games.

A little girl slipped shyly up to us and took the candy we offered. She went into an adjoining house, and soon there was such a wail of woe our guide was afraid she had been punished for consorting with strangers. She went to the door and knocked, wanting to explain that the fault was entirely ours. A handsome young man opened the door and invited her to enter. He was laughing.

"I heard the baby cry. Was it because I gave her candy?"

"Oh, no. She cries to put on her new dress for you to see," the young father explained. "Already her mother have say yes."

The howls subsided and soon the child appeared; tears still glistened on her baby cheeks, but pride overcame such minor details. She wore a quaint little dress of white embroidery, trimmed profusely with turquoise buttons. Her silky black hair shone with the vigorous brushing it had received, and she came smiling into the arms of our guide, who could not resist her charms. The little one clutched a gaudy beaded rabbit's foot in her hand, and this she bestowed upon her admirer.

The father stood near while we were playing with the baby, and our guide asked him if he had gone to school at Phoenix. The man said he had been sent to California, to the big school at Riverside, both he and his wife. He liked the school life, but they were glad to be back in their own village. He studied farming at school, he said, and many of the things he learned there helped him here in his fields, since the government had made it possible for them to have water for irrigation. But he didn't believe the Hopis or the Navajos would get much good from their schooling. There were no watered fields where they had to live.

We walked together to the ruined Mission. The

talk turned to religion, and the man said that the Zuñis had stayed with their old beliefs and ceremonies. "A few go to the Catholic Church and a very few say they are Christians, but mostly we believe in the gods of our fathers," he said. Many priests have lived and worked in the village of Zuñi, but there is little to show for their labor. The gaunt old Mission has fallen into ruins, the roof is gone, and the walls have begun to crumble. Many beautifully carved beams remain exposed to the rains and snows, and only the weatherbeaten cross in the center of the graveyard refuses to concede defeat.

The churchyard is walled with 'dobe brick, and divided by a walk through the center. The earth on each side is littered with bits of human bones and broken pottery. So many generations of Zuñis have been buried there that the earth has been turned again and again in making place for the newer dead. Among the Zuñis, like the Hopis and Apaches, it is the men who carry out the final duties toward the dead. The men are placed on the south side of the graveyard and the women on the north, the heads all toward the east. The souls are supposed to go within four days' time to the sacred lake about sixty miles away, and for the journey food is placed in bowls upon each new grave; on the fourth day the bowl is broken. After the four days have passed the family of the dead Zuñi purify themselves and

their house. The personal property of the dead, all that was not buried with him, is burned on the river bank. Each Zuñi has a personal fetish, given at the time he is taken into a society; sometimes this is an ear of corn covered with eagle feathers. Whatever it is, it is always carried with him and placed in the grave at his burial. This personal fetish aids and protects the soul on its journey into the unknown Land of Death. No Zuñi will drink water from the sacred lake, supposed home of Zuñi souls.

Marriage with the Zuñis means that when a young girl has reached the marriageable age she looks at the available husbands in the village, talks the matter over with her mother, and then goes after her man. She takes presents of food and pottery to his home, and if his mother approves, presents are made in return. Once selected, there is not much a helpless Zuñi can do except marry the girl, which he does by having his head washed in yucca suds by his future mother-in-law, while his mother performs the same service for the girl. Then they eat the marriage mush out of the usual marriage basket, and the wedding is over. For a while the shy bridegroom visits his new wife on the sly, but soon he moves into her home and works for her folks. For a year, or until her first baby is born, the young wife takes presents of food and pottery to the boy's mother. This is to repay her for the loss of her son's labor. The Zuñi husbands and

wives are noted for their faithfulness to the marriage tie, but if there is any trouble the wife just turns her unsatisfactory husband outside and he must go back to his own people. And if the wife is unruly the husband leaves her house and goes back to his mother.

More real happiness and content is found in the Zuñi village than is usual among Indians. This is because they do not have to undergo the hardships suffered by the Navajos through lack of water and food and fuel. The government has provided irrigation for the Zuñi fields, crops are always good, and their storehouses are always filled; wood is plentiful, and a good state highway passes through their village, so that white people come and go all the year, buying their silver, their pottery, and their rabbit's-foot dolls. So they are a happy people, and, as such, their calendar is full of dances.

Every season brings feast days and dances. These are always open to visitors, except Mexicans, who are permitted to witness only the Doll Dance. This doll is a carved wooden figure clothed in faded finery and exhibited once a year while gayly dressed figures dance and visitors place coins in the doll's lap and gifts of bread and fruit at her feet. This dance is an odd mixture of Catholic rite and heathen custom.

Perhaps the best known of Zuñi ceremonies is the Shalako, which is a new-house blessing cere-

mony and occurs early in December of each year. The exact date is set by the priest, and for eight days no fires are lighted and various personal sacrifices are made. This interesting dance is for the purpose of bringing all good things to the new house and to give thanks for the past year's blessings.

When it is time for the Shalako to be announced, ten masked clowns—called "newekwe"—go through the village shouting the news. Then the tempo of the easy-going village life is quickened. Houses are cleaned and replastered inside and out. The plazas are swept and garnished. Food is prepared for hundreds of expected visitors, baking and stewing and grinding going on from daylight until dark. Women go from house to house carrying pans of food, and hundreds of uncooked loaves are borne to the ovens to be returned fragrant and brown and inviting. The corn, pulled from the stalks and hauled in, husk and all, is stripped and stored out of the way, while children and old women carry the discarded shucks to the corrals and store them.

This dance starts at sunset. First comes the God of the Little Fire, a half-naked, painted figure, with a great winged mask covering his face and resting on his shoulders. He carries a smoldering torch and is led about the village by a priest in ceremonial garb. They plant feather-stick prayers at certain points. Not far behind the two, a frolicking band of clowns, also masked, leap and caper and chant.

At dusk the Shalako arrive. These are indeed startling figures. They are huge Punch and Judy creatures, at least eight feet high. The head of each is an immense painted mask with grotesque eyes and mouth, and the nose is a long wooden bill which opens and shuts with a vicious snap and at the same time emits a shrill whistling. The whole thing is mounted on a frame and draped in long decorated robes, while a Zuñi walks along under the robes and carries the masked figure by the stick going up into the mask. An impressive head dress of eagle feathers waves in the night breeze as these big bird-like creatures move along. For each new house in the village there is a Shalako, and if the householder has been particularly fortunate during the year there are two such gods.

With a chanting choir of masked Indians these mystic figures move toward the first house to be blessed. There they separate, each with its accompanying choir. At the threshold of the new house, the huge figure awkwardly kneels outside while the priests chant and sprinkle sacred meal. Prayer-sticks are placed at the door, and then the Shalako enters and ties a feather bahoo or prayer-stick to the central ceiling beam. This is the good-luck emblem, the horseshoe, of that household, and it must remain as long as the house stands.

Now that the work is done, the feasting begins. First the gods are fed, then the older people, then

the men, and after that the women, in case there is anything left. All the good things of Zuñiland are fed to the visitors. For two or three hours feasting holds the attention of all, but as midnight approaches the real ceremonial dance begins. A primitive altar has been erected in the main room of the new house, and a group of men sit there and chant to the music of drums and gourd rattles.

In and out of the houses move the dancers. One group will come in at one door and the other retreat through another, the measure of the dance never breaking. A spare squad takes the floor now and then so that the masks may be removed and the dancers fed between sessions. The same coffee cups are used all night long, passing from Shalako to priest, on to old Zuñi Indians, thence to Navajo men, and handed by them after being emptied, to their meek wives who sit silently in the background. These cups are not washed during the feast. The big dish of stew progresses in much the same manner as do the coffee cups, being refilled when the contents vanish.

The dancing and feasting lasts all night, with now and then a Shalako growing playful and joining the dance with a few awkward galloping measures while his bill snaps wickedly at some onlooker.

As day breaks, cold and pink, in the eastern sky, the Shalako gather in the plaza and take their departure. Covered with sacred meal and watched by

the entire population, they wend their way toward the rising sun.

The dance is ended, and the white visitors return to the trading-posts and the government school, where they are fed and given a cot for a few hours' sleep, for there is no hotel at Zuñi, and one must depend upon camping or the hospitality of the traders, which is usually overtaxed.

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